



Per Annos



Dedication



We are dedicating this edition of *Per Annos* to Mademoiselle Odette Cailteux in appreciation of her many years of devotion to King's Hall and its girls. We have appreciated her many hours spent in class and in individual coaching and will never forget her cheerful character and genuine care. Our sincere thanks and best wishes are with Mademoiselle upon her retirement; she will always have a special place in our hearts.

Que Dieu vous bénisse, Mademoiselle.



JOHN D. COWANS



April 4, 1972.

Dear Girls,

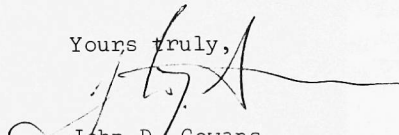
As this academic year draws to a close, bringing to an end almost one hundred years wherein King's Hall has been a part of the Compton community, we would do well, I think, to reflect for a moment or two not only upon what we have accomplished during the 1971-72 school year, but also upon what has been accomplished by our school over nearly a century. While it is true that our amalgamation with Bishop's College School, and our subsequent relocation on the Lennoxville campus marks the end of an era for King's Hall, it would be wrong to think that our school's days are over; rather, we should look upon this change as the beginning of a new and challenging period in our history, for in this transition, while we do not bring with us those material things of bricks and mortar, we do bring those most valuable intangible things which have made King's Hall the fine school that it is today.

Traditionally, our school has been committed to the task of preparing each student academically, spiritually, culturally, and physically for a happy and constructive adult life. Our commitment to accomplish this task will not change. How have we attempted to reach these goals? We have tried to encourage learning by introducing you to a wide variety of worthwhile experiences. We have attempted to present to you standards of excellence in all areas of life so that you may be guided by them in the future, and we have tried to demonstrate to you by making some decisions for you, and by letting you make others, how you can make the correct choices in later life. If in our attempts to reach these goals we have been the killers of your dreams, then we have failed miserably, but if we have in some small way inspired you to go out into the world with greater hopes for your future than you had when you entered King's Hall, then we have succeeded beyond our wildest expectations.

What do we hope for you in the months and years to come? We hope that you will always feel a sense of responsibility for all people and places and things around you. We hope that you will always feel a real concern about the problems of your day, so much so that you will always involve yourselves in attempts to solve those problems so that all will benefit from your efforts. Each one of you will, I hope, devote some part of your daily life to helping others. If you do, your days will be bright indeed.

May peace, prosperity, health and happiness follow you always.

Yours truly,


John D. Cowans
Director

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JOHN D. COWANS



Left to right: Miss Evans, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Mooney.

Seated Front, left to right: V. Mingo, M. Richardson, A. DeWitt

On Floor: H. Légaré, S. Sams, A. Brown.

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Editorial

As the final year of King's Hall, Compton, draws to its close, an aura of anticipation is felt in and around the school. The prospect of our amalgamation with Bishop's College School is of major importance to everyone, as close to a century of academic tradition is to be terminated this June. Yet the conclusion of one organization often marks the commencement of a better one, and to those prospective students of B.C.S. a new, completely changed concept of boarding school life will be offered next year.

With all the change that is about to occur, however, I hope that all of the King's Hall traditions and customs will not be forgotten. It is quite easy to imagine that King's Hall will be completely engulfed in the routine at Bishop's, and will cease to exist as a separate school. Naturally, because of the amalgamation, some customs will have to be eliminated, but I hope that at least the three houses and their symbols, the uniform, and the school song will not be waylaid. We are concerned about this aspect of the change, and are striving to retain some of the symbols within the school. I hope that this is achieved so that some of our traditions will be carried on after the move.

In contemplating the identity of this school, one must not forget the numerous staff members who have devoted much of their time to teaching and guiding the students through difficult times and complicated problems. King's Hall has long been known for its high academic standards, and this can only be attributed to the excellent, willing staff members. To all those devoted staff and especially to those here this year, the students extend grateful thanks and wish the best of luck.

In the ninety-seven years of its existence, King's Hall has graduated many girls. Many memories of the school have been formed over the years, and live in the minds of its present and former students all over the world. The Old Girls' Association has encouraged and aided the development of the school greatly. I only hope that the Old Girls and the present students will not cease to support their school while such a monumental change is taking place. It is now, at the actual time of the amalgamation and after it, that King's Hall needs the greatest support. Show interest in this institution, and it will emerge a stronger and better school in the future.

As you look through this magazine, remember that it is the last from King's Hall, Compton. Remember too, though, that it marks the greatest change ever to occur to this school. Through all the change, it will be a long time before King's Hall, Compton, is forgotten.

ALISON BELL

Office Staff



Mrs. R. Drew, Mrs. D. Miltimore, Mr. G. T. Miltimore.

Acknowledgements

The Editorial Committee has received great help this year and there are many people to whom we would like to show our appreciation. Mrs. Drew very cheerfully helped us in typing the material. Doug Gerrish and Paul Lindell of Paul Lindell Fotografik have produced some superb photographs, and have given us some greatly appreciated advice. Karl Burczyk, Russell Wheeler and the printers at Progressive Publications have again, this year, helped us to compile our magazine.

Head Girl

ROBIN FOWLER
Montreal, Canada

1966-1972

"Love never dies of starvation, but often of indigestion."

ACTIVITIES: Drivers' Education, Choir, Drama.

SPORTS: School Soccer, House Basketball.

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: You bug me, Sewell!

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Waiting for Tweety.

THEME SONG: So Far Away.



Dear Girls,

Now that our active year of anticipation has ended, the time has really come to say goodbye to K.H.C. forever. One cannot argue that it has been an outstanding year in all respects, and has most assuredly prepared us for the approaching amalgamation with B.C.S. next fall.

I know that such an extreme change as this is apt to create a somewhat uneasy atmosphere among those of you who are planning to return. However, don't forget that a fantastic amount of organizing has been put into this complex project, which can only mean that, with your co-operation, the best of everything will be done for you.

Having been at Compton for six years, I have experienced various innovations and am truly sorry that I will not have the opportunity to participate in the greatest of them all next year. I feel confident in assuring you that the years to come will be exciting and rewarding.

Wherever you find yourselves, make the best of your life. It's the only one you have.

love,
Robin



Top row:

B. Asselman, B. Bishop,
A. Rodriguez, P. Sewell.

5th row:

S. Smith, L. Bessey, Y. Ste-
venson, L. Beaudet.

4th row:

M. Mitrani, A. Bell, D.
DuPuy, J. Malcolm.

3rd row:

K. Wyatt, D. Feigelson,
M. Arroyo, A. Setlakwe,
C. Snell.

2nd row:

C. Girard, J. A. Guay, G.
Merrill, L. Charbonneau.

1st row:

R. Jervis-Read, K. Bell,
J. Herbert, K. Mannion,
C. Constantine.

MacDonald

PATRICIA SEWELL "Patsy"
Baie Comeau, Canada

MacDonald
1969-1972
Residence Captain

ACTIVITIES: Drivers' Education.

SPORTS: School Swim Team, House Soccer.

PET PEEVE: Moochers.

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: Is that absolutely necessary?

CAN YOU IMAGINE: Grand Central (room 103) empty?

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Eating, sleeping, and bugging Robin.

CLAIM TO FAME: The tidy Residence Captain.



Well Bozos, it's been quite a year. We managed to come first in school points in the fall term, which was a pleasant surprise.

I think, one of the big boosts in our house points was the plus fifty that we most deservingly won for our house play, "The Crucible". I'd especially like to thank our director, H  l  ne Charest, and then, of course, all of you who in any way participated in the production of the play.

In sports we have participated with a reasonable amount of spirit, and seem to be coming along slowly but surely.

Next year, in Lennoxville a few aspects of King's Hall might lose their identity. It would be quite disastrous if the grand house of MacDonald sank into extinction. 1972-1973 should be a year of unbelievable MacDonald spirit showing all those males what spirit really is. Right on !!

Be well,

House Head



Top row, left to right : J. Davis, K. McPhail, J. Brown, D. Roy, J. Murray, J. Lamela.

Fourth row : C. Guida, J. Bennett, S. O'Brien, G. Belleville.

Third row : M. E. Erlich, C. Griffin, J. Matthews, H. Légaré, R. Cyr.

Second row : C. Shea, C. Sewell, M. Murphy, K. Pease, D. Smith, S. Jervis-Read.

First row : M. Allison, D. Cramer, D. Bienvenue, A. Brown, (House Captain), A. M. Bélanger, S. Yardley.

Montcalm

ANNE BROWN
Lakeside, U.S.A.

1966-1972

"It is not only difficult to know oneself but very inconvenient."

ACTIVITIES: Per Annos, Drama, Choir.

SPORTS: School Hockey, School Soccer, Track, Cross-Country Skiing.

CAN YOU IMAGINE: No, I can't!

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Censored.

CLAIM TO FAME: My organized lists.

PET PEEVE: Birdo.



Dear Montcalmites,

This year we have not done exceedingly well in interhouse events, but we have done a great job in building up house spirit. When one has been at K. H. C. for as many years as I have, one sits at many house meetings, but none of them has been as good as the ones this year have been. You all willingly participated in events and I am very grateful to you. We outdid ourselves and came first in swim meets and, though the hundred mile swim race has yet to be completed, we are leading the other houses. We have participated in inter-house soccer, and we came very near to winning. At the carnival we entered house volleyball, basketball and broomball, and had a great time in the process.

Next year you will be moving over to a new campus with new houses to compete with. It will be even more important to keep up that indefatigable Montcalm spirit. You can do it. I wish you all the best of luck.

Take care, and God bless.

Love,

Louis Joe and Friends.



Top row, left to right :
K. Morrison, J. Farkas, D. Pinard.

Seventh row :
D. Wood, M. Seveigny, W. M. Roberts.

Sixth row :
S. Winser, R. Steinwold, V. Fuller.

Fifth row :
J. Fox, A. M. Perron, M. Bradley, M. Birbragher.

Fourth row :
G. Mundy, S. Sams, V. Ming.

Third row :
E. Magee, M. Préfontaine, C. Shaw, D. Papu.

Second row :
C. Carrillo, S. Pease, J. Hethrington, D. Horner.

First row :
N. Lawrence, C. Butterworth.

Rideau

DEBORAH WOOD "W3"
Montebello, Canada

Rideau
1969-1972
Sports Captain

"If you think tomorrow will never come, it's yesterday."

ACTIVITIES: Social Service.

SPORTS: School Soccer, School Hockey, Squash.

PET PEEVE: Washing other peoples' dishes.

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: Meanwhile, back at the ranch...

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Lifeguarding flies.

AMBITION: Teacher.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Drop-out.



To all you Rideau Joe fans out there (Ray ray !!) Joe and I would like to thank you all for keeping the house in good shape throughout the year. Academically, the result was not overwhelmingly good but whatever was missed academically you made up for sportwise. We managed to come first in the intramural soccer games in the fall term and this ended with the exciting game against the "Super Stars" (staff). We've kept first place in overall sports through the first and second term, thanks to your skillful ball hockey playing.

You kids have put up with it well and kept up the house spirit. I hope you won't let all next year's changes muffle the Rideau spirit. So, Come on then, three cheers for Rideau !

Take care,

House Head



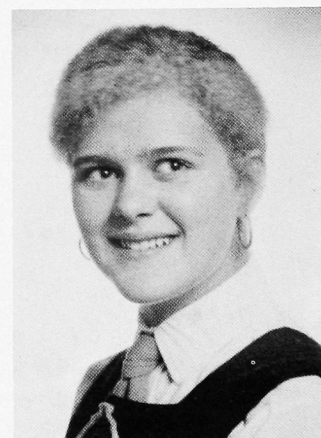
FRANCES ASSELMAN "Bunny" MacDonald
Montreal, Canada 1971-1972

"The unsupportable labour of doing nothing"
— R. Steele

ACTIVITIES : Drivers' Education, Per Annos
SPORTS : School Basketball, School Swim Team, Cheerleader, House soccer, House Ball Hockey, Curling.
PET PEEVE : People commenting on my hair.
FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: Would you get back.
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Going for quick walks.
CHERISHED MEMORY : Being hauled in.

LUCIE BEAUDET MacDonald
Quebec City, Canada 1971-1972

ACTIVITIES : Drivers' Education, House Drama.
SPORTS: House Soccer.
FAVOURITE EXPRESSION : I know it.
CAN YOU IMAGINE : Me, without frizzy hair ?
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Listening to music.
AMBITION : To see the world.
CLAIM TO FAME : My laugh.



ALISON BELL "Bell" MacDonald
Montreal, Canada 1970-1972

"It is a pity that Chawcer, who had geneyus, was so unedicated. He's the wuss speller I know of." — Artemus Ward

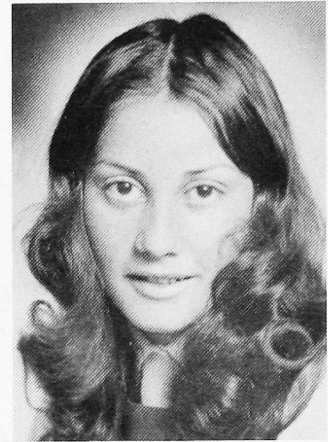
ACTIVITIES : Drivers' Education, Drama, Debating (president), Librarian, Choir, Per Annos (Editor-in-chief).
SPORTS: School Basketball, House Soccer, House Ball Hockey.
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Watching Sams do(!) a forward roll.
AMBITION : Doctor.
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Sandwich maker in the Montreal General Hospital.



GINET BELLEVILLE
Plessisville, Canada

Montcalm
1970-1972

SPORTS : School Hockey, House Soccer.
FAVOURITE EXPRESSION : It's about time !
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Speaking on the phone.
AMBITION : To speak four languages.
CHERISHED MEMORY : My first year at K.H.C. not
knowing any English.
THEME SONG : Day After Day.

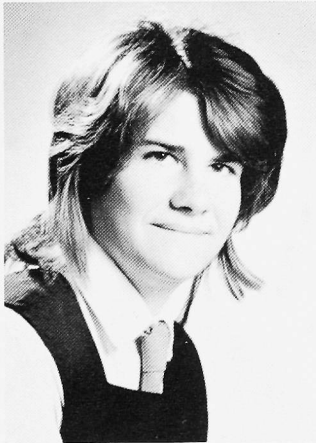


DENISE BIENVENU
Bury, Canada

Montcalm
1969-1972

"Beauty is only skin deep".

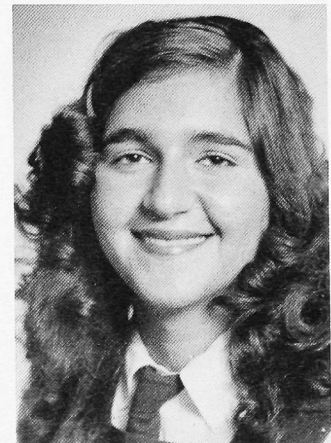
ACTIVITIES: Debating, Drama.
SPORTS: School Soccer, School Basketball, School
Hockey, School Swim Team, House Soccer,
House Ball Hockey, Squash.
FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: I don't know.
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Sports.
THEME SONG: I Don't Know How to Love Him.



MIRIAM BIRBRAGHER "Mirs"
Barranquilla, Colombia

Rideau
1969-1972

SPORTS: House Soccer, House Swimming, House Ball
Hockey.
FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: I'm so tired.
CAN YOU IMAGINE: Miriam coming back for grade 12?
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Eating desserts.
AMBITION: To be a translator.
THEME SONG: Theme of Summer of '42.





JOAN BROWN
Montreal, Canada

Montcalm
1970-1972

"Man is a complex being; he makes deserts bloom and makes lakes die."

ACTIVITIES: Drivers' Education, House Drama.

SPORTS: House Soccer.

PET PEEVE: People who talk too much.

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: I should, I would, if I could.

CHERISHED MEMORY: The Ottawa trip.

THEME SONG: Indian Sunset.

HELENE CHAREST
Quebec City, Canada

MacDonald
1970-1972

"Happiness is a secret of beauty, but who knows the secret of happiness."

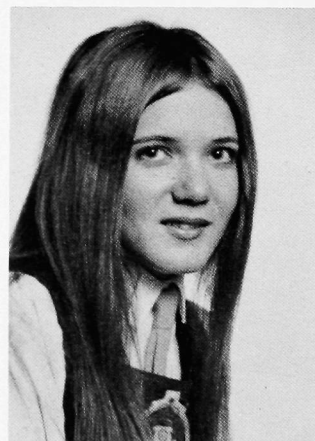
ACTIVITIES: Drivers' Education, Debating.

SPORTS: House Soccer, Curling.

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: Listen you guys!

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Eating.

CLAIM TO FAME: Her non-existent ability to play the recorder.



RAYMONDE CYR
Sherbrooke, Canada

Montcalm
1971-1972

"Men were becoming things and things were becoming men." — Dickens

ACTIVITIES: Drivers' Education.

SPORTS: House Soccer.

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: Formidable!

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Dancing at parties with all her friends.

AMBITION: To be a stewardess.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Female co-pilot.



JACKIE DAVIS 'Jacks'
Toronto, Canada

Montcalm
1968-1972

"Today is the beginning of the rest of your life."

ACTIVITIES: Drivers' Education, House Drama, Per Annos?

SPORTS: House Soccer, House Ball Hockey, House Volleyball.

PET PEEVE: Entertaining unexpected guests.

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: This is too much!

CAN YOU IMAGINE: Davis not waiting for a phone call?

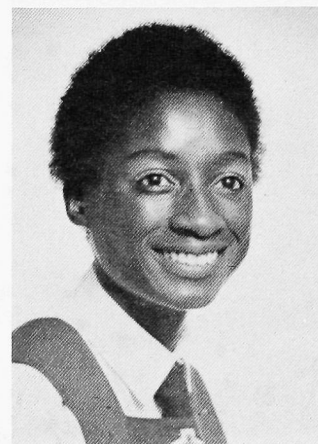
CLAIM TO FAME: Those independent blue eyes.



JACQUELINE FARKAS "Farkeye"
Montreal, Canada

Rideau
1971-1972

ACTIVITIES: Choir, Drivers' Education.
SPORTS: School Basketball, School Soccer, Cheerleader,
Track.
PET PEEVE: Those Afternoon track practices.
CAN YOU IMAGINE: Jackie with a large afro?
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Dancing down the halls.
CLAIM TO FAME: Her ability to be always on the go.
THEME SONG: Whiter Shade of Pale.

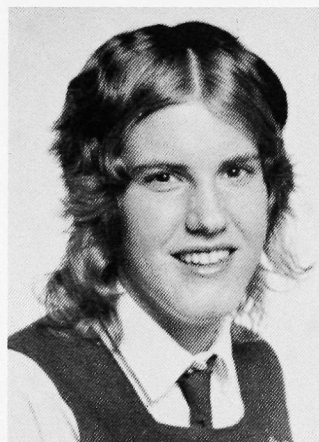


VICTORIA FULLER "Vickie"
Lennoxville, Canada

Rideau
1966-1972

"If there were more time to work, I would be busy."

ACTIVITIES: House Drama, Cheerleader.
SPORTS: House Ball Hockey.
FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: Rock on, honey, we're all hip!
CAN YOU IMAGINE: Fuller without Davis?
AMBITION: Nurse.
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Skiing all year round.

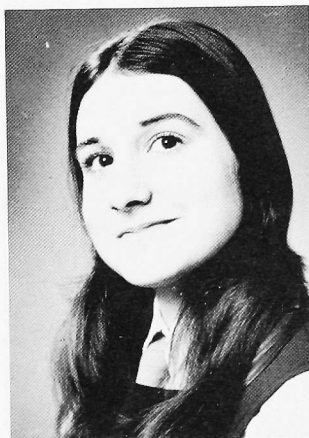


CHRISTIANE GIRARD
Quebec City, Canada

MacDonald
1971-1972

ACTIVITIES: House Drama.
SPORTS: House Soccer, Swimming.
FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: Tu ris, mais c'est vrai.
CLAIM TO FAME: A small mouse.
AMBITION: Nurse.
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Patient.
THEME SONG: Theme of Love Story.





CATHERINE GRIFFIN "Grin"
Montreal, Canada

Montcalm
1969-1972

*"Free at last, free at last". Thank God Almighty,
we're free at last!! — M. L. King*

ACTIVITIES: Drivers' Education, Choir, Drama,
Librarian.

SPORTS: House Soccer.

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: Oh, yes. Oh, no!

CAN YOU IMAGINE: Cathy not on the phone?

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Uncle Bill.

JO-ANNE GUAY
Montreal, Canada

MacDonald
1971-1972

"Every new dawn is a new beginning."

ACTIVITIES: Debating, Drivers' Education, House Drama.

SPORTS: House Soccer.

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: What?

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Staring out of the window.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: A Bohemian.

THEME SONG: Gris-Gris Gumbo Ya Ya.



DEBBIE HORNER
Truro, Canada

Rideau
1971-1972

*"Never spit in a man's face unless his mustache
is on fire."*

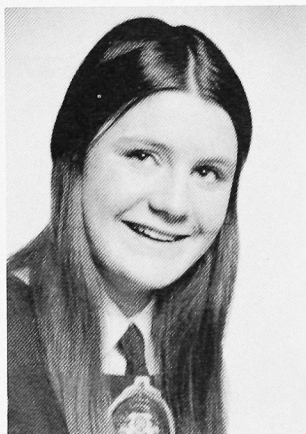
SPORTS: School Hockey. House Soccer, House Ball
Hockey.

PET PEEVE: Dorita telling me what is wrong with me.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Watching Karen "tidy" my room.

CHERISHED MEMORY: My black eye.

THEME SONG: Colour my World.



SARAH JERVIS-READ
Menterville, Canada

Montcalm
1965-1972

*"All the world's a stage, and all men and women
merely players."*

ACTIVITIES: Drivers' Education, Drama.

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: How nude!

AMBITION: Nursery school teacher for C.U.S.O.

CLAIM TO FAME: Being a member of the Lennoxville
Players.

THEME SONG: Theme of Romeo and Juliet.



HELENE LEGARE
Quebec City, Canada

Montcalm
1970-1972

"To always smile is hard, but so advantageous."

ACTIVITIES: Debating, Per Annos.

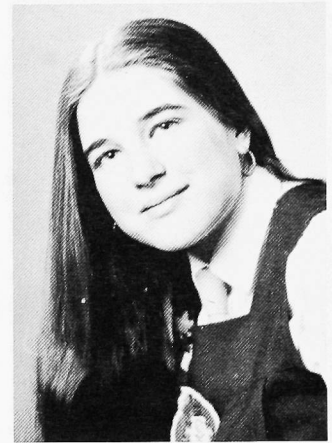
SPORTS: School Swim Team, Ski Team, House Soccer.

CAN YOU IMAGINE: Me not telling Angela to stop snoring?

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Skiing.

AMBITION: Prime Minister of Canada.

THEME SONG: Whiter Shade of Pale.



JANET MATTHEWS "Jan"
Forestville, Canada

Montcalm
1969-1972

"Any fool can see what's wrong, but can you see what's right?" — Churchill

ACTIVITIES: Debating, House Drama, Choir, Social Service.

SPORTS: School Soccer, House Ball Hockey, House Swimming.

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: Y'know what I mean, ay?

AMBITION: Nurse.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Nursing dead worms.

CHERISHED MEMORY: Those physics classes with M.E.C.

KIM McPHAIL
Caracas, Venezuela

Montcalm
1970-1972

ACTIVITIES: Per Annos, Choir.

SPORTS: School Soccer, School Basketball, School Hockey.





VALERIE MING
Sandys, Bermuda

Rideau
1969-1972

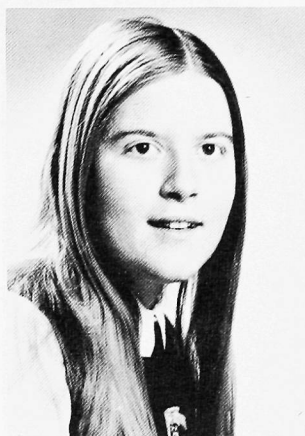
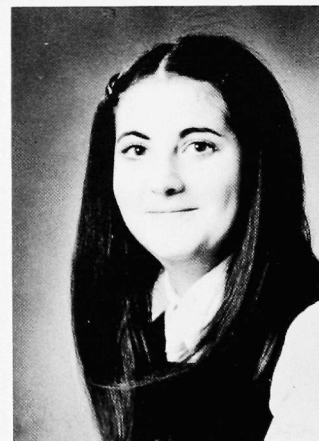
*"There's place and means for every man alive."
— Shakespeare*

ACTIVITIES: Per Annos, Choir, House Drama.
SPORTS: School Soccer, School Basketball, House Ball
Hockey, Tennis, Squash, Track, Badminton.
PET PEEVE: People touching my hair.
FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: It's all in the mind.
CHERISHED MEMORY: Ireland, Nova Scotia, Bermuda and
Manchester badminton tournaments.
THEME SONG: I Did It My Way.

NOEMI MITRANI "Mimi"
Bogota, Colombia

MacDonald
1970-1972

ACTIVITIES: House Drama.
SPORTS: House Soccer, House Volleyball.
FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: Que sueno!
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Listening to Issac Hayes records.
AMBITION: To become a bilingual secretary.
CHERISHED MEMORY: The night Angela and I couldn't
stop laughing.
THEME SONG: By the Time I Get to Phoenix.



KAREN MORRISON "Vo-Deo"
Summerside, Canada

Rideau
1971-1972

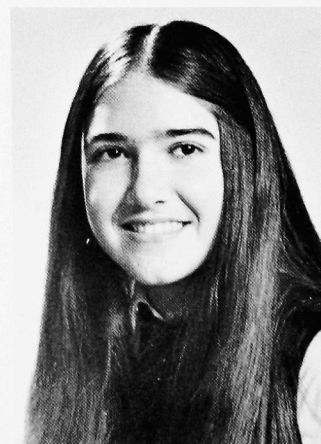
SPORTS: School Basketball, House Swimming, House
Soccer, Tennis.
FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: You guys never tell me
nothin'!
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Talking about the Island.
CAN YOU IMAGINE: Karen speaking french fluently?
CLAIM TO FAME: Her Voice.
AMBITION: Veterinarian.

DORITA PAPU "Dori, Frizz"
Barranquilla, Colombia

Rideau
1969-1972

*"Be yourself — but be your best self.
Dare to be different and follow your own star."*

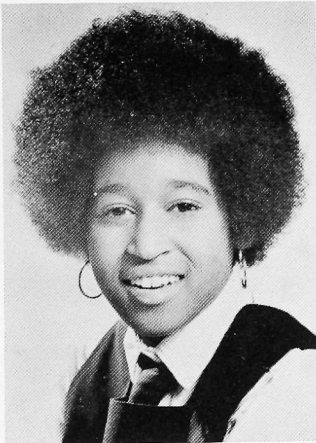
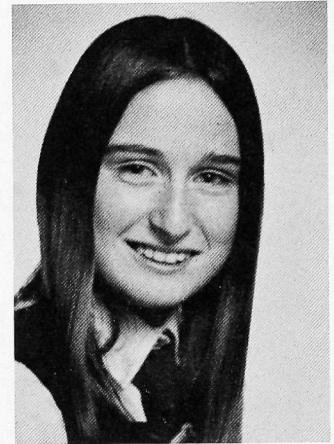
ACTIVITIES: School Drama, House Drama.
SPORTS: School Soccer, School Basketball, House Soccer.
PET PEEVE: People shouting and shrieking.
FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: Listen, Horner, don't be so
pessimistic.
CLAIM TO FAME: Her nails.
THEME SONG: Sonny.



DOMINIQUE PINARD "Dodo"
Quebec City, Canada

Rideau
1971-1972

ACTIVITIES: Drivers' Education.
SPORTS: House Soccer.
FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: Caline.
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Crossing out the days on my
calendar.
AMBITION: Specialized education.
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Drop-out.
THEME SONG: Moon Dance.



WOKIE MAI ROBERTS
Mon Rovia, Liberia

Rideau
1969-1972

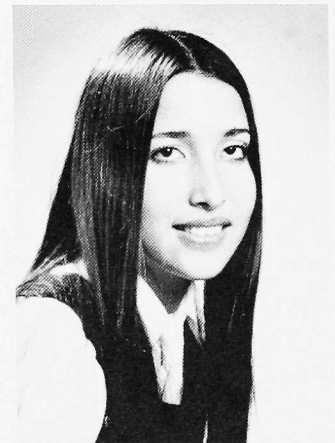
ACTIVITIES: Drivers' Education, Librarian, Per Annos.
SPORTS: School Basketball, School Soccer, House Volley-
ball, Squash.
PET PEEVE: Being told what to do.
FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: Alright, rat freak.
CAN YOU IMAGINE: Roberts being organized?
CLAIM TO FAME: Her national all-pro running shoes.

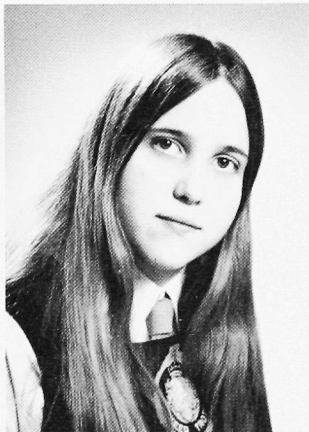
ANGELA RODRIGUEZ "Ange"
Barranquilla, Colombia

MacDonald
1970-1972

"Patience is a virtue."

ACTIVITIES: House Drama.
SPORTS: School Basketball, School-House Soccer, House
Ball Hockey.
FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: I'm hungry!
CAN YOU IMAGINE: Ange dancing with a shorty?
AMBITION: To learn French, English, and Spanish
literature.
THEME SONG: Never Can Say Goodbye.





DANIELE ROY "Danny"
Montreal, Canada

Montcalm
1971-1972

"When I feel like working I lie down 'til I feel better."

ACTIVITIES: Drivers' Education.

SPORTS: House Ball Hockey.

PET PEEVE: Having to read in class.

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: What do you want?

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Drinking coffee.

CHERISHED MEMORY: Issac Hayes in Montreal.

SUSAN SAMS "Sams!"
Gaspé, Canada

Rideau
1971-1972

"Time goes, you say? Ah, no. Alas, Time stays, we go."

ACTIVITIES: Debating, Per Annos, Choir, House and School Drama.

SPORTS: School Soccer, School Basketball, House Soccer, House Ball Hockey.

PET PEEVE: Shams.

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: Sure!

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Albert.

CLAIM TO FAME: I wrote the equation on a kleenex and then I blew my nose!



MYRA SEVEIGNY "Sev"
Thetford Mines, Canada

Rideau
1967-1972

"Living is loving: therefore, to love is life."

ACTIVITIES: Drivers' Education.

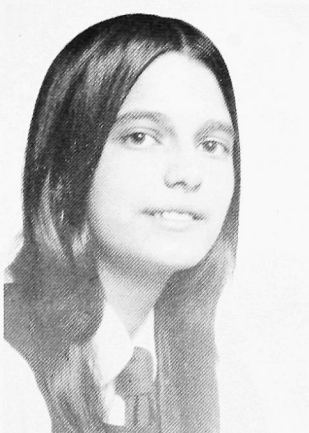
SPORTS: House Soccer.

PET PEEVE: Breakfast.

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: But I don't understand.

CAN YOU IMAGINE: Myra without Guy?

CLAIM TO FAME: 40D.



BARBARA BISHOP
Ottawa, Canada

1966-1972

"Any man's death diminishes me because I am involved in Mankind."

SPORTS: School Swim Team, House Soccer, Track.

PET PEEVE: People.

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: And I hope it hurts.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Babysitting Grier House.

THEME SONG: An Affair To Remember.



YVONNE STEVENSON "Fifi Lorraine" MacDonald
Careysburg, Liberia 1968-1972

"Life is but a few trips and some Poetry."

ACTIVITIES: Drivers' Education.

SPORTS: Squash.

PET PEEVE: Upstairs duty.

CAN YOU IMAGINE: Yvonne without her Ragadey Anne doll?

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Skipping church.

CLAIM TO FAME: School sweater.



CYNTHIA BUTTERWORTH "Butt" 1967-1972
Montreal, Canada

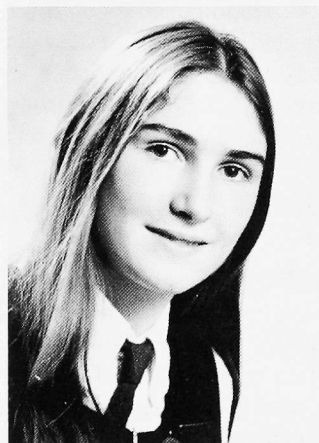
"Don't worry . . . it may never happen."

SPORTS: House Soccer, House Volleyball, Track, Diving.

PET PEEVE: Kiddies from 7:00 to 8:30.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Playing with bottles.

THEME SONG: Bottle of Wine.



SUSAN YARDLEY Montcalm
London, England 1971-1972

ACTIVITIES: Debating.

SPORTS: School Basketball (Manager), House Soccer, Squash.

PET PEEVE: The question, "Does your father own Yardley's cosmetics?"

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: Wanker.

CAN YOU IMAGINE: Sue not sleeping during a class?

CLAIM TO FAME: Her ability to get caught breaking school rules.

CHERISHED MEMORY: Mr. Cowans' office with friends.



Matric Remembrances

To B.C.S. again? . . . Ottawa trip . . . the
Gathering . . . Vodeo/matric maid . . . B³ . . . Isaac
Hayes . . . Angela's first French class . . . grade 10
exam revolt . . . Uncle Bill . . . messy residence
captain . . . Shirley's John . . . no Chez . . . Fifi
Lorraine . . . Miss McD's curtain ring . . . Tweety . . .
Val's Soft and Dri . . . pit props and peneplanes . . .
Gilly . . . Grand Central Station . . . I Dismembered
Mamma . . . the Islander . . . Horny, the dog . . .
Malvolio and Pierre . . . five gallons of chocolate ice
cream . . . Windy in summer . . . Vicky's pizza
party . . . Fred . . . the wall . . . Fee bird . . . pick
a winner . . . general knowledge classes . . . how
noseating . . . on and on and on . . .

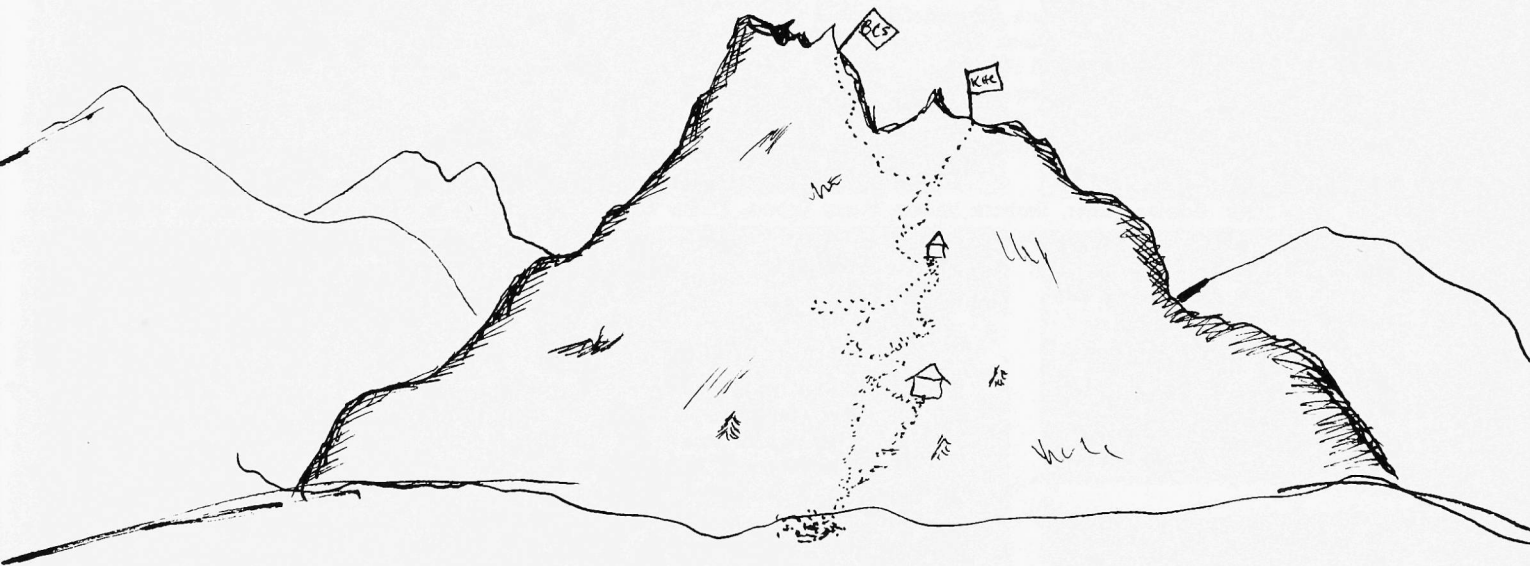
School Remembrances

Bon apétit . . . Mountain Day . . . sunbathing on
Windy . . . verboten gum . . . B.C.S. Carnival . . .
Blind dates . . . stuffed animal thief . . . Benoit . . .
no smoking in odd corners . . . J. C. Superstar . . .
toothpaste wars . . . movie revolution . . . Tit Willow
. . . Santa's elves . . . Macbeth . . . walking the
oval . . . Montcalm Mission Ridiculous . . . passion
pits . . . dogs in the residence . . . sugaring off . . .
peeping Tom at the cottage '66 . . . bugged doors . . .
Mad Mills . . . desk room . . . Clenny's broken wrist
'67 . . . séances . . . Tugboat . . . staff dining-room
food . . . mice! . . . the Beep-beep . . . Goodwin half-
holiday . . . smoking in B.C.S. bathrooms . . . Bird
and the broken floor . . . the office . . . Mrs. Plow . . .
cheerleading . . . K. P. in her cupboard . . . baby-
powder fights . . . Linda's braces off . . . Evy . . .
apple pied beds . . . pink pills . . . skating on the
soccer pitch . . . the formal . . . Mrs Bagley . . .
German measles . . . Jay Peak ski trip . . . jello jury . . .
fifty cents every two weeks . . . Rideau Joe . . .
Cliffy's open window at 15° below . . .

Staff Remembrances

Her Majesty . . . Staff-room CLOSED for repairs
. . . I **hate** Day 6 . . . Fireside evenings with Zack . . .
Crocky Vega versus Pimprose . . . No, we can't afford
it . . . Who's hidden my purse? Where are **you** going
for **your** holidays? Staff soccer and hockey games . . .
Bells 5 times a morning (before prayers) . . . Prayers
3 times a week . . . Staff parties . . . You're a mess . . .
End of the month — I've **got** to get to the Bank . . .
Sunshine Silvermouth . . . Windy . . . the Great
Escape . . . our snow sculpture . . . the grapefruit
diet . . . holiday tans . . . O, Wouldn't It Be Lovely . . .
Wigs . . . bugged doors . . . winter driving . . . French
chocolates . . . ski-Hillcrest . . . vanishing Valiant . . .
O Tempores, O Mores . . . B.c.S Newsletters . . .
pants set the trend . . . Well, I'm not taking them . . .
Cato and ripped panti-hose . . . Staff mail . . . All

the rooms are rented for Closing . . . she's vacant . . .
guess who's on bells today . . . those lamps are **going**
at the end of the year . . . Miss Daniels' wiid week-
ends . . . quintiles, evaluations and reports . . .
Kitchen Kapers . . . 30 dollars' worth of German
Measles . . . skating on Mt. Mansfield's summit in a
blizzard . . . it would be nice to know what's going
on . . . push them - - you've gotta push them . . .
Staff photo day . . . late arrivers and early departers . . .
cover your classes . . . What time does duty start? . . .
11B . . . I'm **not** riding on **that** bus . . . I can't wait
'til the 23rd of June . . . as long as this girl is in the
school, she's our responsibility . . . prep. duty . . .
6 a.m. jogging . . . 50% of our students are at B.C.S.
90% of the time . . . and what are **you** going to do
next year? . . .



D. DuPuy
Gr. 10

The Closing - 1971

PRIZE LIST

THE GILLARD AWARD: Mary Catherine Lambert.

LAURA JOLL PRIZE: Deborah Lau.

BIRKS MEDALS: Linda Bartram (Silver)

Anne MacCulloch (Bronze)

PREFECTS: Mary Catherine Lambert, Tamara Silny, Martha Shirriff, Charlaïne Montano, Jane Fuller, Deborah Lau.

HOUSE HEADS: Elise Cooper, Sally Butterworth.

SPORTS CAPTAINS: Willa Henry, Barbara Skelton.

RESIDENCE CAPTAINS: Edwina Adair, Victoria Rolph.

FORM PRIZES: Linda Bartram (Grade Eleven)

Kim McPhail (Grade Ten)

Linda Bessey (Grade Nine)

Janus Fox (Grade Eight)

PROFICIENCY IN THE YEAR'S WORK:

(Grade Ten) Janet Matthews, Patricia Sewell, Daintry Smith.

(Grade Nine) Jane Griffiths.

PROFICIENCY IN THE JUNE EXAMINATIONS:

(Grade Nine) Louise Stirling.

(Grade Eight) Sandra Westhoff.

SUBJECT PRIZES:

SENIOR ENGLISH

Catherine Zimmerman

JUNIOR ENGLISH

Louise Stirling

SENIOR FRENCH

Catherine Zimmerman

JUNIOR FRENCH

Janus Fox

SENIOR HISTORY

Deirdre Laurie

JUNIOR HISTORY

Ruth Jervis-Read

GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Alison Bell

SENIOR GEOGRAPHY

Jill Kirwin

JUNIOR GEOGRAPHY

Jacqueline Davis

SENIOR MATHEMATICS

Willa Henry

JUNIOR MATHEMATICS

Sandra Westhoff

SENIOR LATIN

Linda Bartram

JUNIOR LATIN

Linda Bessey

SPANISH

Hélène Charest

CHEMISTRY AND BIOLOGY

Jill Kirwin

PHYSICS

Janet Matthews

SENIOR HOME ECONOMICS

Elisa Adatto

JUNIOR HOME ECONOMICS

Alice Pei

SENIOR ART

Anne Brown

JUNIOR ART

Madeline Mills

MUSIC

Anne MacCulloch,

Dainty Smith

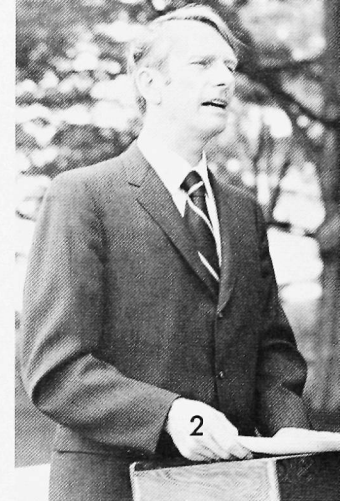
OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT Linda Bessey

FIVE YEAR PINS: Edwina Adair, Barbara Bishop, Anne Brown, Diane Crause, Robin Fowler, Jane Fuller, Victoria Fuller, Anne MacCulloch, Tamara Silny, Barbara Skelton.

HOUSE SHIELDS: (Work) Montcalm; (Sports) Rideau.

Key to Photographs:

- 1) Matrics walking to ceremonies.
- 2) Mr. Large's address.
- 3) Bishop Brown's address.
- 4) Matrics singing with Martha Shirriff, Lynn Bartram and Kathy O'Quinn playing their guitars.
- 5) Mr. Roberts presenting Lee Bigelow with her certificate.
- 6) Miss Morris presenting Anne MacCulloch with the Birks Bronze Medal.
- 7) Miss Evans presenting Tamara (Tammy) Silny with her prefect's pin.
- 8) Dr. A. E. Gillard presenting the Gillard Award to Mary Catherine (Casey) Lambert.







Activities

School Calendar

September

- 8 School opened.
- 12 Intramural swim meet.
- 14 House system begins.
- 18 Barbecue and dance at B.C.S.
- 24 Lecture at B.C.S. by Mr. Ross Smythe.
Choir rehearsal at B.C.S.
Debate at B.C.S. judged by Mr. Smythe.
- 25 Soccer vs. A.G.R.H.S. at K.H.C.
- 26 Joint church service and lunch at B.C.S.
- 29 Montreal Symphony Concert.

October

- 2 St. Helen's visit to K.H.C.
- 3 Juniors climb Mt. Orford.
- 6 Senior soccer vs. Bishop's University at K.H.C.
- 7 K.H.C. and B.C.S. climb Mt. Mansfield in Vermont.
Supper at B.C.S.
- 9-10 Thanksgiving Weekend.
- 13 Soccer vs. Richmond Regional at Richmond.
- 14 McGill representative, Mr. Stewart, visits K.H.C.
- 15 Debate at B.C.S.
- 16 K.H.C. visits St. Helen's.
- 17 Audubon Wild Life film at B.C.S.
- 18 Debate vs. B.C.S. at K.H.C.
- 20 Soccer game vs. A.G.R.H.S. at A.G.R.H.S.
Poetry reading by Earl Birney at Bishop's University.
- 21 Debating workshop at A.G.R.H.S.
"The Memorandum" for Grade II at B.U.
- 23 Lecture at B.C.S. by Lloyd Robertson
B.C.S. football game vs. Stanstead.
- 24 Folk mass at B.C.S.
- 27 Soccer vs. Richmond Regional at K.H.C.
- 28 Long weekend begins.

November

- 1 Return from long weekend.
- 5 Debate vs. Richmond Regional at K.H.C.
- 6 Stanstead dance.
- 12-13 Four debaters represent K.H.C. at the McGill tournament.
- 20 Tea dance at B.C.S.
- 24 Grade II visits the University Hospital center.
Trip to Montreal for "Jesus Christ Superstar".
- 26 "The Taming of the Shrew" at B.U.
- 27 House plays.
- 28 "The Messiah" at B.C.S.

December

- 2 "Plaza Suite" at B.U.
- 4 Scholastic Aptitude Test.
- 7 Examinations begin.
- 14 Examinations end — Form parties.
- 15 School Christmas party.
- 16 Christmas holidays begin.

January

- 6 Return from Christmas holidays.
- 8 College Board Achievement Tests.

- 14 Lecture at B.C.S. — "The Vanishing America" by Mr. David Lank.
- 16 Indoor track meet at A.G.R.H.S.
- 17 Hockey vs. Richmond Regional at B.C.S. rink.
- 19 S.A.C.U. tests.
- 21 Basketball vs. A.G.R.H.S. in Lennoxville.
- 22 Basketball and swim meet vs. Trafalgar at K.H.C.
- 21-22 High School Debating Tournament at K.H.C.
- 27-28 B.C.S. and K.H.C. Carnival weekend.
- 29 Hockey vs. A.G.R.H.S. at A.G.R.H.S.
- 31

February

- 3 Junior public speaking contest at B.U.
Hockey vs. B.U. at B.U.
- 7 Hockey vs. Richmond Regional at Richmond.
- 8 Grade II to Montreal to see Isaac Hayes.
- 10 Long weekend begins.
- 14 Return from long weekend.
- 18 Basketball vs. A.G.R.H.S. in Lennoxville.
- 19 Formal Dance.
- 21 Hockey vs. A.G.R.H.S. at B.C.S. rink.
- 25 Basketball vs. Richmond Regional in Lennoxville.
- 27 Ski Trip to Orford.

March

- 1 Ski day at Owl's Head.
- 3 Junior trip to "Sly and the Family Stone" in Montreal.
- 10 "I Remember Mamma" by King's Hall and B.C.S.
- 9-10 Provincial Debates at B.C.S.
- 11 Easter holidays begin.
- 16

April

- 3 Return from Easter break.
- 13 "My Fair Lady" production at B.U.
- 15 Model United Nations at A.G.R.H.S.
- 16 Annual sugaring off outing.
- 19-20 Grade ten trip to Ottawa.
- 21-22 Drama Festival at B.U.
- 28-29 B.C.S. production of "Child's Play".
- 29 Sports day at Trafalgar.

May

- 5 Mock matrices for grade tens and elevens.
- 6 Confirmation service at St. James' Church.
- 10 S.S.I.A.A. Track Meet.
- 12 B.C.S. Cadet Inspection.
- 15 B.C.S. and K.H.C. Walkathon.
- 16-20 K.H.C. track events.
- 20 B.C.S. Invitational Dance.
- 22 Final school exams begin.
- 27 E.T.I.A.A. Track Meet.
- A school swim meet is scheduled for sometime in May.

June

- 1 Closing service at St. Jame's Church.
- 2 School closing.
- 8 Department of Education Examinations begin.
- 22 Department of Education Examinations end.

As the monthly calendars were drawn up and posted they became plentifully adorned with upcoming activities. Students participated in Drivers' Education, Royal Life Saving, Astronomy, Red Cross Projects, Social Work, Dramatics, and Choir. This has most assuredly been a very busy year and our thanks go out to the many people who have helped arrange these various activities.

Susan Sams

Debating

This year's Debating Club has flourished under the helpful guidance of Miss Braunworth. Periodically, during the course of dinner, the King's Hall debaters would hear the well-known voice of Alison Bell, the President, saying, "There will be a short meeting of the Debating Club right after lunch in the Small Lounge!"

The activities of the Eastern Townships Debating League, of which we are a member, commenced with an informal discussion held at A.G.R.H.S. in September. It was decided

that debates should be held on a "home & away" basis approximately every two weeks. KHC did reasonably well in these debates, winning four out of six. Later that term, Mr. Tom Lawson, from TCS, gave an interesting lecture at a Debating Workshop held at Galt.

In November, four debaters, Alison Bell, Susan Sams, Jan Matthews and Hélène Charest, participated in the McGill Debating Union High School Tournament. The prepared resolution was "The nation-state is an outmoded form of social organization." It was an entertaining and rewarding experience.

King's Hall held a debating tournament, including five schools, in January. The prepared topic was "This is the age of the Individual", and an extemporaneous topic was "Diamonds are a girl's best friend". BCS was the senior winner, and KHC the junior.

A team will be sent to compete in the Provincial High School Debating Seminar held at BCS in March. In April, there will be a tournament at Ridley College, and two model United Nations, one at Plymouth State College in New Hampshire, and another at Alexander Galt. These should prove very interesting and worthwhile.

I would like to thank all those who helped the debaters in their various projects. We are all looking forward to the complete amalgamation of our Club with Agora. I am sure it will be a total success.

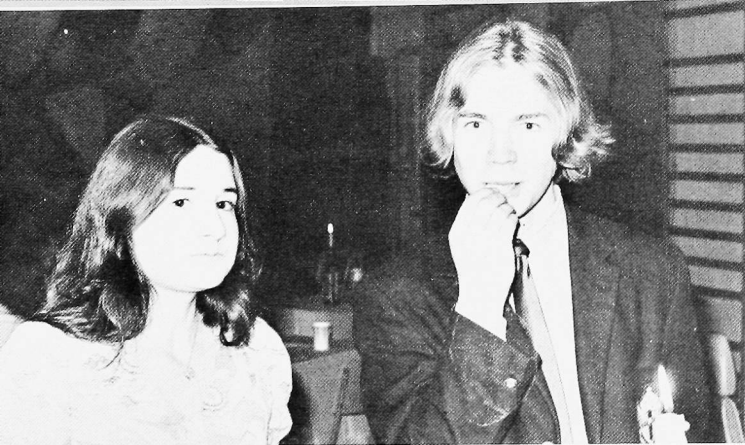
— Janet Matthews,
Vice-President.

Back row: C. Shaw, K. Wyatt, C. Shea, S. Sams, S. Yardley.

Second row, seated: J. Matthews, A. Bell, D. Bienvenu, J. Guay.

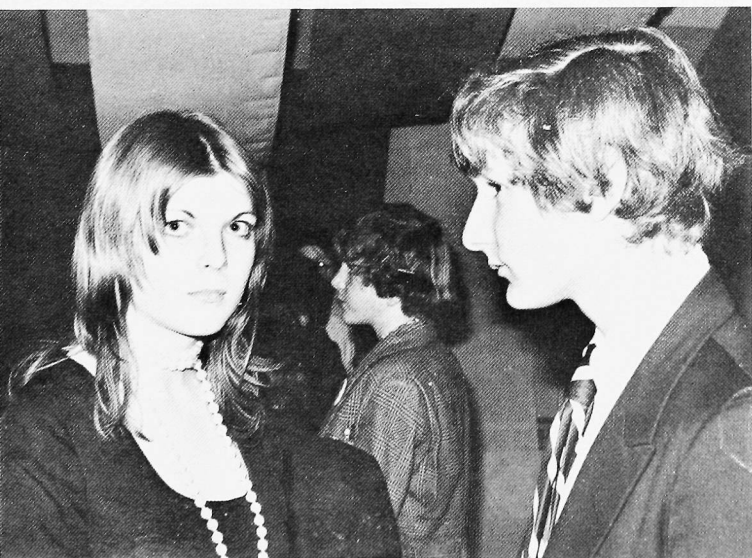
Front row, kneeling: S. Westhoff, H. Légaré, C. Constantine.



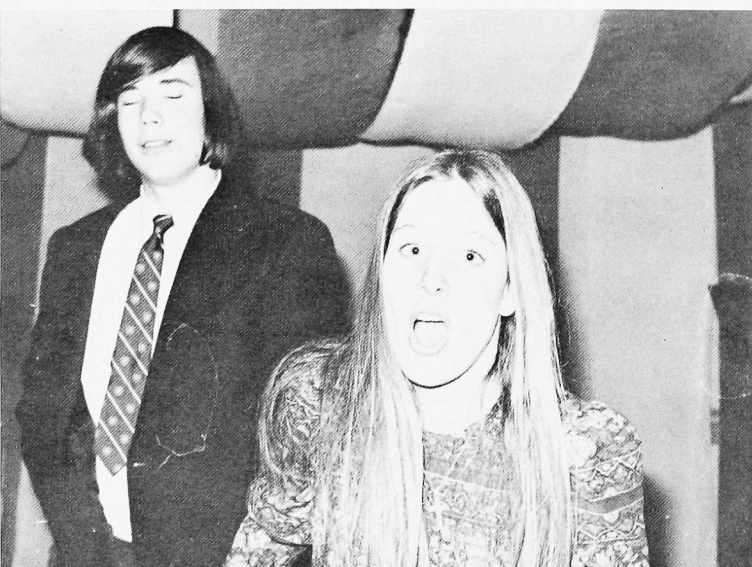


Dance Report

On September 18, King's Hall attended its first dance at B. C. S. Held in the assembly hall, the dance was held to the sound of L.P.'s. The evening began rather tensely but warmed as the night wore on. November 6 brought us to a very successful football dance at Stanstead. The band, "Skywalker" was a fantastic success, and everyone came back to K.H.C. tired, but happy. The following week, sixteen of us bussed our way across the border to Sterling School to have a good dinner followed by a dance. All went well and there was a good atmosphere. B. C. S. held its big Tea Dance on November 20. The band was "Mandingo", and the decorations were extremely well done. St. Helen's and King's Hall both enjoyed B.C.S.'s company.



This year B.C.S. and K.H.C. joined forces in making the Carnival a success. It began with a hockey game at B.C.S., with B.C.S. the victors. The next day brought games and a movie. Saturday was the big event with the "Souls of Inspiration" playing at the dance. The theme was a big city and at half time, two Compton girls dressed as rabbits and hopped into the scene. The dance was a Carousel of Romance and everyone changed horses. The next weekend, King's Hall went to the Stanstead Carnival.



The big event of the year was held on February 19, at K.H.C. At the formal, a three-man band named "Castle in the Sky", were very well received, and played exceedingly well. The decor was jungle-style and a black and orange sunset silhouette accented the scene. A snowstorm arrived the day of the dance, and Stanstead and Sterling could not get here, but B.C.S. helped us along and the night was a success, even with the lack of people.

All in all, the atmosphere and mood of this year's dances were very good. Thanks, boys!

Margaret Bradley

Special Art

On Bench from left to right:
S. Westhoff, D. DuPuy, J.
Bennett, P. Paterson, C.
Ritchie, K. Mannion.
On floor: S. Yardley.



Librarians

Left to right: A. Bell,
K. Wyatt, L. Magee, C.
Griffin, S. Westhoff,
W. M. Roberts.



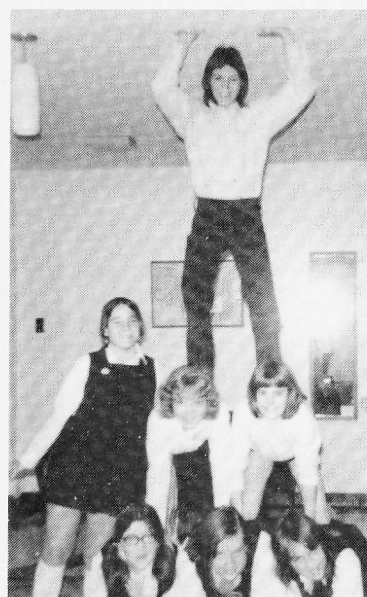
Social Service

Left to right: A. Setlakwe,
D. Wood, J. Farkas, J.
Matthews, C. Guida.

Choir

Left to right: C. Griffin, J.
Davis, S. O'Brien, J. Farkas,
S. Winsor, A. Bell, G.
Mundy, C. Snell, J. Mat-
thews, R. Fowler, K. Mc-
Phail, S. Sams, V. Ming, E.
Magee, S. Smith, J. Adair,
J. Bennett, D. DuPuy, A.
Brown, G. Guida, M. Brad-
ley.









Sports

Introduction

Thanks to Miss Smith, this year has been very busy and exciting with the introduction of many new sports. Our first hockey team was formed, and played several games against different schools. Sunday afternoons found a few girls at B.C.S. playing squash. Curling was available, and broomball was occasionally attempted. Of course, all the usual sports were played as well: basketball, volleyball, swimming, soccer, and indoor gymnastics. The senior soccer team won the Eastern Townships Soccer Cup, and had a record of no goals scored against it.

I hope that next year's sports programme will be as full and rewarding as this year's has been.

Debbie Wood
Sports Captain

Soccer Report

This year turned out to be a most profitable year for the Senior team as it won the Senior Girls' Champion Cup. The Seniors also achieved a new record. No goals were scored against them. The Junior team was not so lucky, but the spirit was remarkable. This year's competition consisted of Alexander Galt and Richmond Regional schools. The Senior team also played against students from Bishop's University. Our two exposition games with St. Helen's ended in victories for both the Senior and Junior teams. We would like to thank Miss Smith and Mr. Roberts for their coaching which helped us to achieve the success we did.

Denise Bienvenu
Senior Soccer



The Senior Soccer Victory Banquet

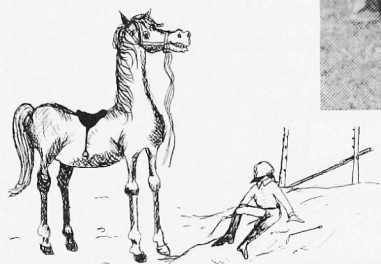
Senior Soccer

Clockwise: J. Matthews, A. Brown, S. Sams, D. Bienvenu, M. Bradley, D. DuPuy, K. McPhail, W. Roberts, J. Farkas, D. Wood, V. Ming, S. Winsor, R. Fowler, C. Butterworth.

Junior Soccer

Back row, left to right: E. Magee (Manager), L. Bessey, A. Setlakwe, D. Papu, S. Smith, C. Sewell, J. Malcolm, C. Snell, C. Ritchie.

Kneeling, left to right: J. Herbert, D. Cramer, D. Smith, C. Shaw, M. Murphy, S. Westhoff.



D. DuPuy

Riding

Left to right: G. Merrill, J. Herbert, J. Farkas, C. Shea, Miss Leigh, (Staff Adviser), D. Horner, M. Bradley, C. Carrillo.

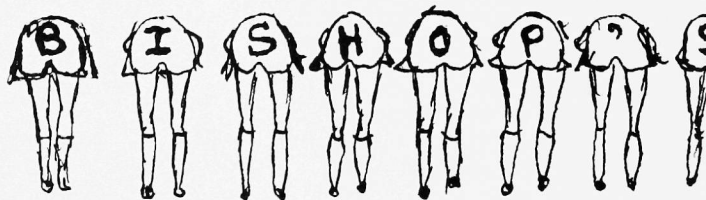




Cross Country Running

Back row, left to right: C. Shaw, J. Murray.

Front row, left to right: J. Herbert, K. Mannion, D. Aitken.



D. DuPuy

Cheerleading

Left to right: S. Winsor, C. Guida, D. DuPuy, J. Malcolm, J. Bennett, M. Bradley, C. Griffin, S. O'Brien, J. Farkas, D. Papu, S. Smith, V. Fuller.



Senior Basketball

Top row, left to right: A. Bell, S. Sams.

2nd row: M. Bradley, K. McPhail, J. Farkas.

Bottom row: K. Morrison, W. M. Roberts, D. Bienvenu, A. Rodriguez.

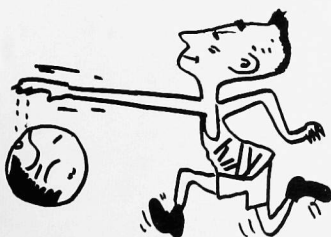
Standing: S. Yardley, (Manager).

Both the Senior and Junior teams were in full swing, these being the last basketball teams that will haunt the floors of K.H.C.

We played in a league which consisted of two schools, namely, Richmond Regional and Alexander Galt Regional. The Senior and Junior teams played their very best, and practised good sportsmanship and teamwork.

In closing I would like to thank Miss Edwards and Miss Smith for making this a most rewarding year for everyone.

Karen Morrison
Senior Basketball



Karen Morrison.

Junior Basketball

Back row, left to right: P. Pater-son, J. Bennett, S. Westhoff, C. Sewell, J. Adair, C. Shaw, (Mana-ger).

Front row, left to right: M. Mur-phy, J. Malcolm, S. Smith, M. E. Erlich, D. Papu.





Swimming

Standing: C. Shaw, D. Bienvenu, C. Ritchy, A. M. Bélanger, D. Pinard.

Sitting: D. Smith, H. Légaré, J. Adair, M. Murphy, B. Bishop, P. Sewell.

Diving: S. O'Brien.

AWARD OF MERIT

A. Bell
B. Bishop
A. Brown
C. Butterworth
D. DuPuy
S. O'Brien
P. Sewell
S. Smith
S. Winser
J. Adair
H. Légaré
A. Perron

BRONZE MEDALLION

D. Bienvenu
E. Magee
J. Malcolm
C. Sewell
C. Shaw
D. Pinard
C. Girard
A. Bélanger

INTERMEDIATE

J. Herbert



This year a school swim team was organized under the direction of Miss Smith and Barb Bishop. With their guidance the team practised strenuously without fail day after day. Our efforts were not wasted, as we won our first swim meet against Trafalgar School from Montreal. Another meet against Trafalgar is scheduled for the end of April and once again we hope to be victorious. Our special thanks to Miss Smith whose precious time and efforts have made the "blue and orange" swimmers a success.

Patsy Sewell

Squash

Back row, left to right: S. Sams, M. Bradley, K. McPhail, W. Roberts, R. Steinwold, S. Yardley, J. Malcolm, J. Herbert, V. Ming.

Front row, left to right: D. Bienvenu, D. Wood, J. Bennett, D. DuPuy, S. O'Brien, S. Winsor, C. Snell, A. Shaftoe.



Ski Report

Rain, rain, and more rain! This did not seem to be our year for skiing. At first we did not ski as much as we would have liked to, but later in the season, as conditions got better, we skied two or three times each week. Much to everyone's delight, we missed a whole day of classes to spend a wet but enjoyable day at Owl's Head. An excursion to Orford was made one Sunday. No more skiing this season,

for Mary Murphy though, who broke her leg one day on the hill! None of our skiing would have been possible, however, had it not been for the organization and patience of Miss Evans, Miss Smith, and all other participating staff members. Thank you all for your time.

Future ski champs of the world, unite!

Deborah Wood



D. DuPuy



Hockey Report

Our first year of ice hockey began with great spirit which was carried throughout the season. We began as an inexperienced team with a lot of young players who gradually gained in knowledge where they lacked size. We would like to thank Mr. Neil Campbell and

Charlie Simpkin for their time, and especially express our gratitude to Miss Smith, to whom we dedicate a much bigger and better season next year.

Debbie Horner.

Canadian Fitness Tests

The following people received various awards for the Canadian Fitness Tests.

AWARD OF EXCELLENCE

A. Bell	C. Guida
A. Brown	M. Bradley
D. Horner	C. Shaw
D. Smith	

GOLD

R. Fowler
C. Butterworth
M. Seveigny
D. Wood
D. DuPuy
J. Bennett
J. Adair
A. Perron
K. Bell
M. Murphy
C. Sewell
M. Préfontaine

SILVER

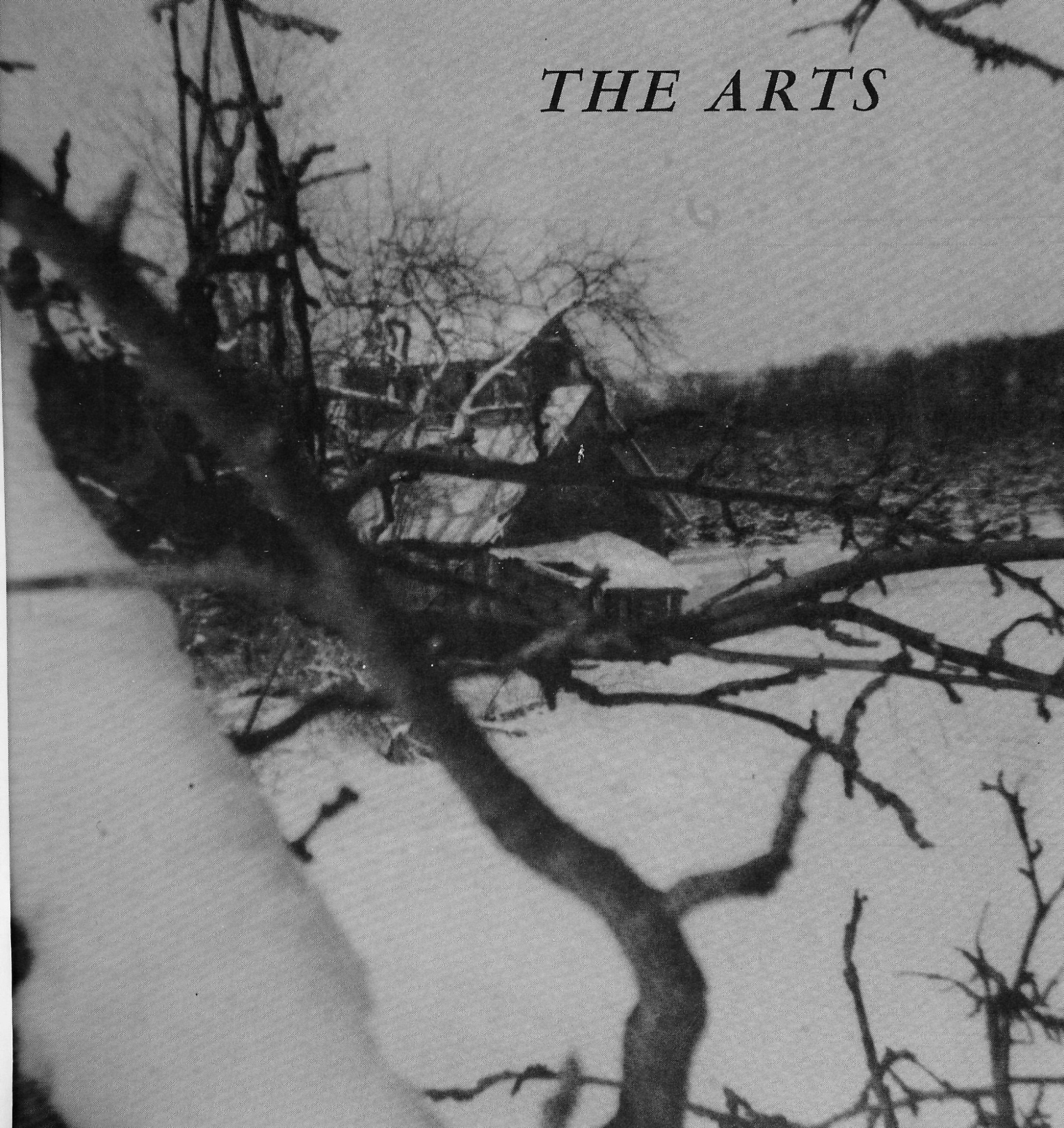
F. Asselman	S. Sams
L. Beaudet	D. Aitken
B. Bishop	L. Bessey
H. Charest	C. Snell
C. Girard	J. Herbert
J. Guay	S. O'Brien
G. Belleville	J. Murray
D. Bienvenu	S. Winser
J. Brown	K. Mannion
H. Légaré	S. Smith
J. Matthews	M. Erlich
K. McPhail	S. Westhoff
S. Yardley	J. Fox
V. Ming	G. Mundy
W. Roberts	A. Bélanger

C. Constantine

BRONZE

Y. Stevenson
J. Davis
C. Griffin
D. Roy
M. Birbragher
V. Fuller
K. Morrison
D. Papu
D. Pinard
L. Charbonneau
A. Setlakwe
J. Lamela
R. Jervis-Read
G. Merrill
D. Cramer
C. Carrillo

THE ARTS



Drama Report

Drama was a very popular activity this year, with most of the school participating in a dramatic production of some sort.

The house plays launched the drama programme in November, when a competition was held between the houses. Everyone worked hard to play her part well. Montcalm presented, "Dust of the Road", and Rideau, "The Lottery". MacDonald won the competition with Act III of, "The Crucible", and presented it to B.C.S. one week later.

The Eleven A's presented a play reading of "Macbeth" to the Eleven B's, and it was greatly enjoyed. The costumes were excellent, courtesy of Bishop's University. We will never forget Wokie Mai Roberts' cry of, "Oh, horror, horror, horror!"

With the expert direction of Miss Dorothy Hewson, "I remember Mamma" was presented in early March by a group of B.C.S. and King's Hall students. Months of hard work resulted in an excellent pro-

duction, and the cast would like to thank Miss Hewson and all of the backstage crew for their time and effort.

In April, B.C.S. and K.H.C. will present a short version of Macbeth for the Bishop's University Drama Festival. Under the direction of Miss Joanne Edwards and Wokie Roberts, the cast met often during the second and third terms to practise. Although the Festival is not a competition we hope that the participants do well and enjoy the experience.

We have attended several productions at Bishop's University this year, presented by B. U. students or the Lennoxville Players. "The Taming of the Shrew", presented by B.U., was enjoyed by everyone because of its professional presentation. Along with the actual words and actions of the script were amazing acrobatic and clowning displays. In "Plaza Suite", and "My Fair Lady" we had the opportunity to see our staff members acting, as well as our friends from B.C.S. "My Fair Lady" was especially enjoyed because of the appeal of the story and the gaiety of the presentation. When the chorus burst into, "With a Little Bit of Luck", the entire audience was moved to dance.

Everyone at King's Hall has enjoyed all of these events, and would like to thank all of the staff members who have helped to make them possible.

Catherine Griffin



M. Préfontaine
Gr. 8

PEOPLE
TAILORED DRESS,
dirty jeans,
APPEARANCE: WELL DRESSED
bare feet,
AN UNRELENTING FACE,
an open smile,
IN HAND; BRIEFCASE,
"stop and talk a while."

Sue Sams
Grade 11

THE INEVITABLE

Standing motionless on a hilltop, I felt the cold wind turn my cheeks a bright red. My hands lay nestled, warm in my pockets, and my listless eyes gazed upon the scene. The once-green grass was now

fading into a dull yellowish-brown color and the trees stood bare with only the sound of their fallen leaves tumbling along the ground. The flowers drooped with a hopeless look about them and the blue-grey sky seemed angry and anxious. I threw back my head

and let the wind toss and tangle my hair. As I did so, I could feel the cold gushes of air chill my neck and shoulders. Smiling, I turned and kicked a pebble. I watched it fall recklessly down the hillside and then realized . . . finally . . . that winter was coming.

Margaret Bradley
Grade 10

Manuscript letter
M. Erlich
Gr. 9

JANIE

It takes only a single glance at Janie to realize that she has not much longer to live. At the age of seventeen, one can find her stationed in front of the television for an average of ten hours per day, while her diseased muscles slowly disintegrate into nothing. Sitting in her specially molded wheelchair, she resembles an old withered woman, and her gaunt, forty pound body is curled awkwardly to one side with only a bulky-brace to keep her in an upright position, giving her already misshapen body an ever more distorted appearance. As a result of her illness, Janie talks in a gargling, nasal voice and the words slip out between nervous giggles during conversation. Every so often a gnarled, bony hand reaches out automatically to grasp an odd candy to satisfy her unusual appetite. However, her beautiful brown eyes are alive and shining, and the deadly disease has not yet taken hold of her so very intelligent mind which is bursting with knowledge, opinions and love. Completely helpless, Janie does not want sympathy. She simply wants that something which can make her happy until she dies — friendship.

Robin Fowler
Grade II



D. DuPuy
Gr. 10

A TREE IN THE FALL

This tree is fairly tall, with orange, red, green, yellow, and sometimes purple leaves. It stands on its side on a hill, a bit slanted. This tree has many branches, which blow with the wind. It has a few holes where birds were at it. It is placed next to a soccer field. It grows up beautifully from the grass.

It looks like a living thing as its arms move with the wind. In a week or two this tree's leaves will be falling down to the ground. People will rake them up. By winter this tree will have no leaves left. It will look dead. It is sad, isn't it?

Nancy Lawrence
Grade 7



FOR THE TWO OF US

A thorned entrance consisting of burrs on surrounding bushes. After entering, you're surrounded by overpowering trees bending and inspecting you, as you stand in the tall, wild grass. The atmosphere around you is free and wild. It astounds you! The crickets carry on their business nonchalantly and birds sing as they fly through the blue tinted sky. The sun reflects on golden broomgrass, and wilted flowers, which are not quite dead, are watched by ones anxiously waiting to replace them. The long, green grass, packed down in one little section, reveals our secret.

Debbie Feigelson
Grade 9



THE MUSIC CHILDREN

Icy flakes surround the windows:
Snow, frozen to the walks.
It swirls outside, and
Children press their faces against the windows
And listen.
Locked within their minds, they
Need not hold themselves back
But listen to the music
Of the snow and land.
They hear music in laughter
And tears
And because they cannot sing,
It says inside and keeps them warm
And alive.
Although they do not communicate with others
They understand — in each other
Far more
Than you or I will ever know
Of joy and love
And the finer things in life.
And they watch as we
Down-to-earth people preach love
And fight our wars
Of bigotry and hate
And all that we feel we must overcome.
And we play songs to march to
And waltzes to kill to
Which we immortalize with names like
Bach, Beethoven, Mozart.
But the songs the music children hear
Are played by the grasses and sands
And the melodies reach octaves above heaven
And miles below hell.
Their melodies may pain
But the music children listen
Because they know that their melodies
Are all that is right and real
In the world.

Kim McPhail
Grade 11



A STORM

The bluish sky clouded over with bloated grey clouds. A dense humidity hung over the entire area. Almost-nude trees swayed back and forth in the tepid breeze. Quiet winds built up 'til dead and lifeless branches clattered noisily, autumn leaves rustled angrily, and weathered shutters of windows banged ceaselessly, sounding like the daily gossip of old women. The occasional howling of the wind through the rusted eaves bellowed like the lonesome cry of hungry wolves. A crashing thud of thunder, accompanied by a piercing bolt of lightning, echoed through the blackened horizon. Pouring water came gushing through the flooded gutters. Warm puddles of mud were forming quickly along the muddy sides of dirt roads. It was raining !

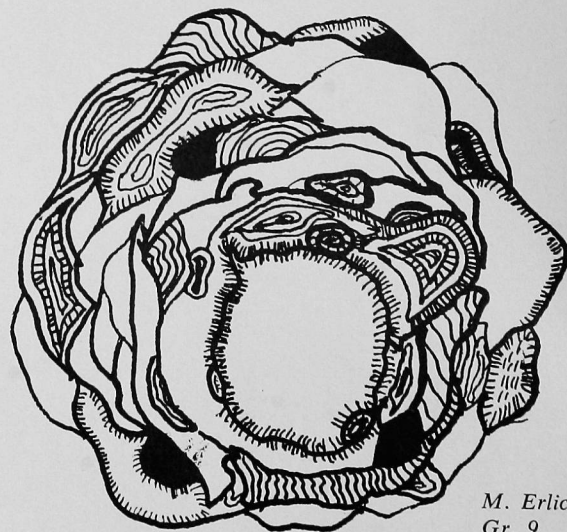
Kathy Mannion
Grade 9

A PARTING

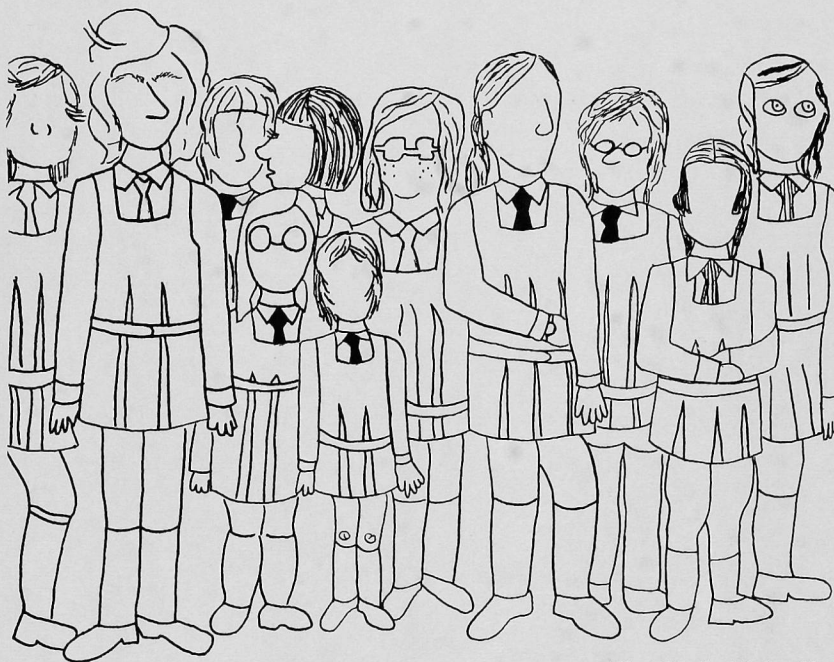
As I walked along the lonely road,
I looked back,
And there nestled in the valley was
the sleeping village, my village.
The sun had just risen and there
was a beautiful pinkish glow
on everything.

For a moment my heart was torn,
Then I turned resolutely and began walking
Toward my future.

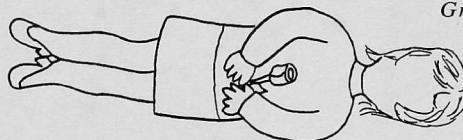
Linda Bessey
Grade 10



M. Erlich
Gr. 9



*The Grade Eight Class
G. Merrill,
Gr. 8*



FORGIVEN

I call
Do you hear me ?
He answers,
I do.
I say
I am lonely.
He whispers
Not so,
I laugh,
I cry.
He lifts his hand, he caresses my face.

It is dark out,
He smiles,
I'm cold.
I call,
Please forgive ?
He answers,
forgiven.
I thank him.

Jackie Davis
Grade 11



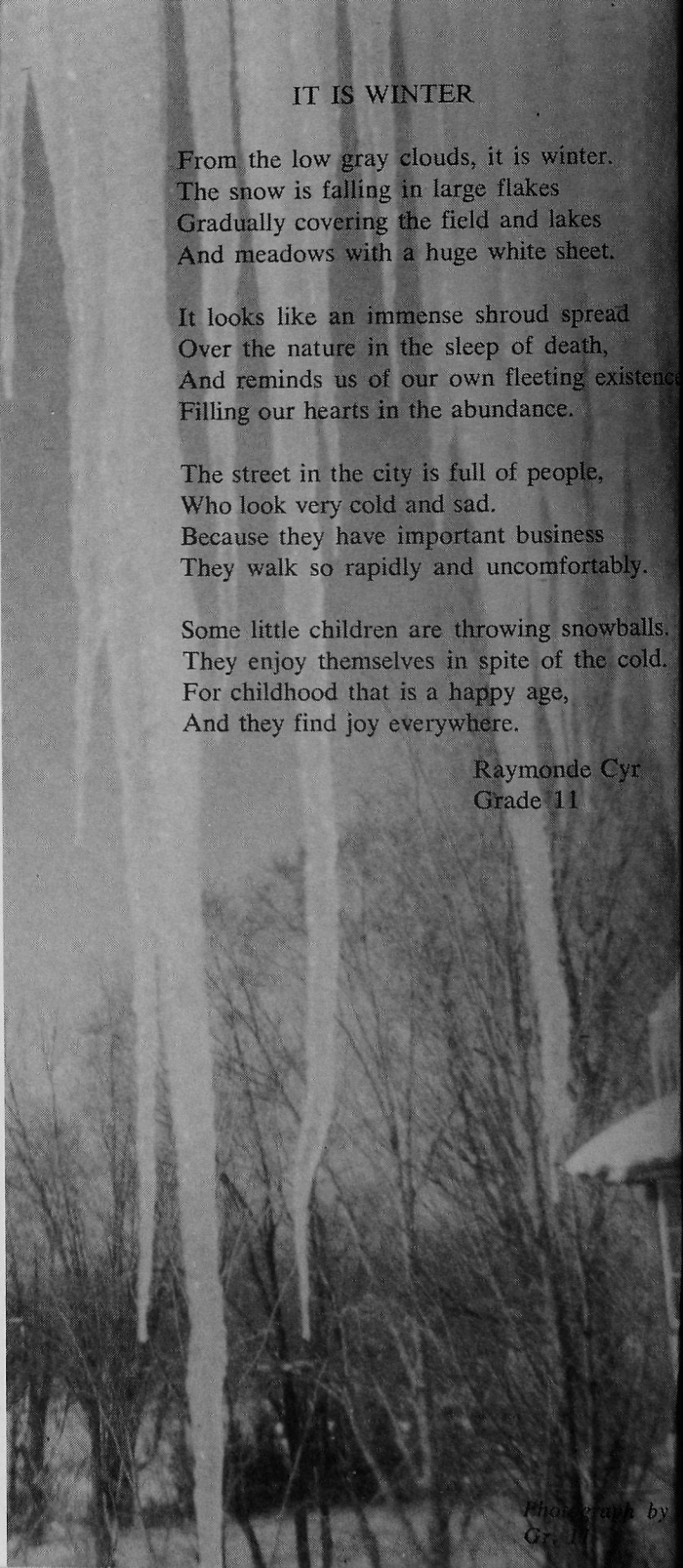
LA NEIGE

La neige qui descend lentement
Sur notre terre bien doucement
Couvre nos beaux paysages
Et embaume nos rivages.

Les petits enfants des plus joyeux
Se revêtent de leurs chauds habits
Et tous les skieurs fort heureux
S'empresent de sortir leurs skis.

Il y a aussi la nature,
Qui s'endort sous ces beaux cristaux blancs.
Les oiseaux partent pour quelque temps
Pour éviter la froidure.

Christiane Girard
Grade 11



IT IS WINTER

From the low gray clouds, it is winter.
The snow is falling in large flakes
Gradually covering the field and lakes
And meadows with a huge white sheet.

It looks like an immense shroud spread
Over the nature in the sleep of death,
And reminds us of our own fleeting existence
Filling our hearts in the abundance.

The street in the city is full of people,
Who look very cold and sad.
Because they have important business
They walk so rapidly and uncomfortably.

Some little children are throwing snowballs.
They enjoy themselves in spite of the cold.
For childhood that is a happy age,
And they find joy everywhere.

Raymonde Cyr
Grade 11



FOR EDNA

Everything in the room looked unused and unusable. The old lady who rented the room insisted upon neatness and cleanliness. The hardwood floor of the room was polished and was largely covered by a dustless black rug. The bed in the corner was perfectly made, the pillow puffed like a pheasant's feathers; the bedspread was sparkling white. A lacey pink tablecloth covered the small bed table, and a travelling alarm clock ticked methodically into eternity. A black rocking-chair with a yellow cushion on it was placed by the window. Near it was a small desk covered with neat piles of papers held down by antique glass paperweights. The desk, old fashioned and worn, lodged a modern telephone which looked out of place. A set of bookshelves stood behind the door housing many romance stories and a copy of Gideon's Bible. She had once remarked that she didn't know why it was called Gideon's Bible; after all, it was everyone's Bible, wasn't it? A small plaque was hanging on the wall, which the old lady had won at a piano recital when she had been ten years old. It was tarnished to darkness, and the writing was almost illegible. "For Edna," it read, "who played in the company of Mayor Wilson." How many years ago was that, then, when Edna was ten?

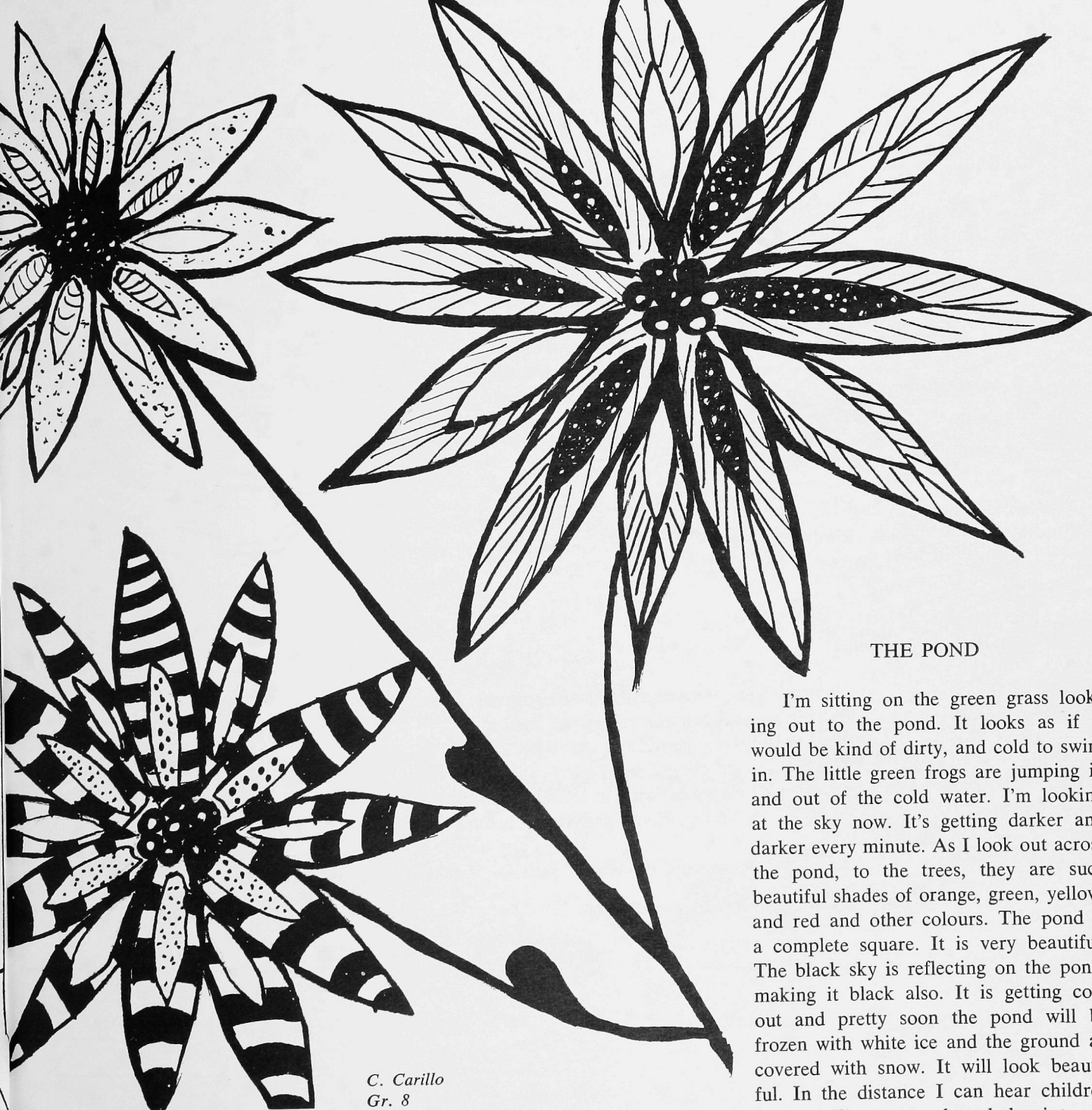
Alison Bell
Grade 11

Photograph by A. Brown, Gr. 11

This place, which is so full of life during the day, takes on a different mood at night. Standing in the center of this bleak corridor, the only sounds than can be heard are the moaning of the wind outside, and the creaking of a bed as someone stirs. The bright pink of the walls which is so striking in the daylight, seems so desolate and lonely at night. The light from a distant corridor blinds my eyes as I stand and stare. The long rows of rooms are locked-up dungeons in an empty prison. In the distance I can hear the clanging rattle of the night watchman's keys and the glare of his flashlight as he makes his nightly rounds. Suddenly, as if only moments later, I hear the deafening ring of the morning bell, and everything in the corridor that was once still, awakens to life.

Grade 9
Georgina Mundy

G. Mundy
Gr. 9



C. Carillo
Gr. 8

THE POND

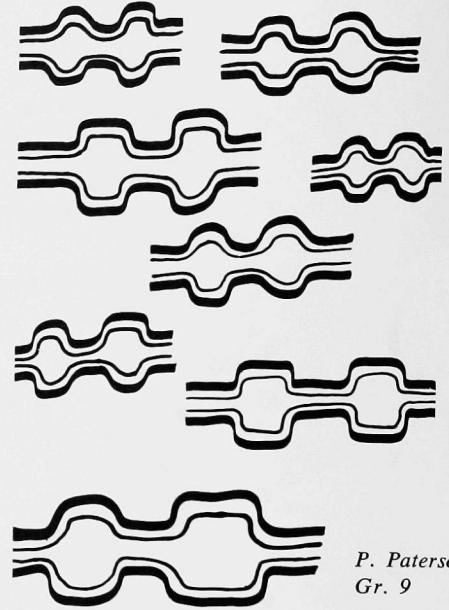
I'm sitting on the green grass looking out to the pond. It looks as if it would be kind of dirty, and cold to swim in. The little green frogs are jumping in and out of the cold water. I'm looking at the sky now. It's getting darker and darker every minute. As I look out across the pond, to the trees, they are such beautiful shades of orange, green, yellow, and red and other colours. The pond is a complete square. It is very beautiful. The black sky is reflecting on the pond, making it black also. It is getting cold out and pretty soon the pond will be frozen with white ice and the ground all covered with snow. It will look beautiful. In the distance I can hear children yelling. They must be glad winter is coming.

Darcy Smith
Grade 7

THE FISH SHOP

Yesterday at the fish shop I saw a fisherman wearing a black hat and a white and black striped sweater and also blue jeans. He was smoking a cigarette. In front of the man were five big trout. The trout smelled salty and they were black and white. Beside the man was an older man who was going out of the fish shop with a package in his hands. In the package were some fish. This man wore a brown jacket, gray pants, a brown hat and a coat. The building next door was a garage. You could see engines and trucks outside of the fish shop.

Claire Constantine
Grade 7



P. Paterson
Gr. 9

What is a year without happiness, loneliness, sadness and toil.
What is a month without regret and sorrow
What would a day be without that light to lead us
And darkness to give us rest ?
What would caring be without interest and kindness
What would life be without a meaning behind it (us) ?
What would we be ?
Before the day passes, the month goes and the year leads into another,
Take your life and start to care.

Valerie Ming
Grade 11



LIFE:

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Alison Bell
Grade 11

Island without flowers
Grave without name,
God help the man
Who had so much fame.

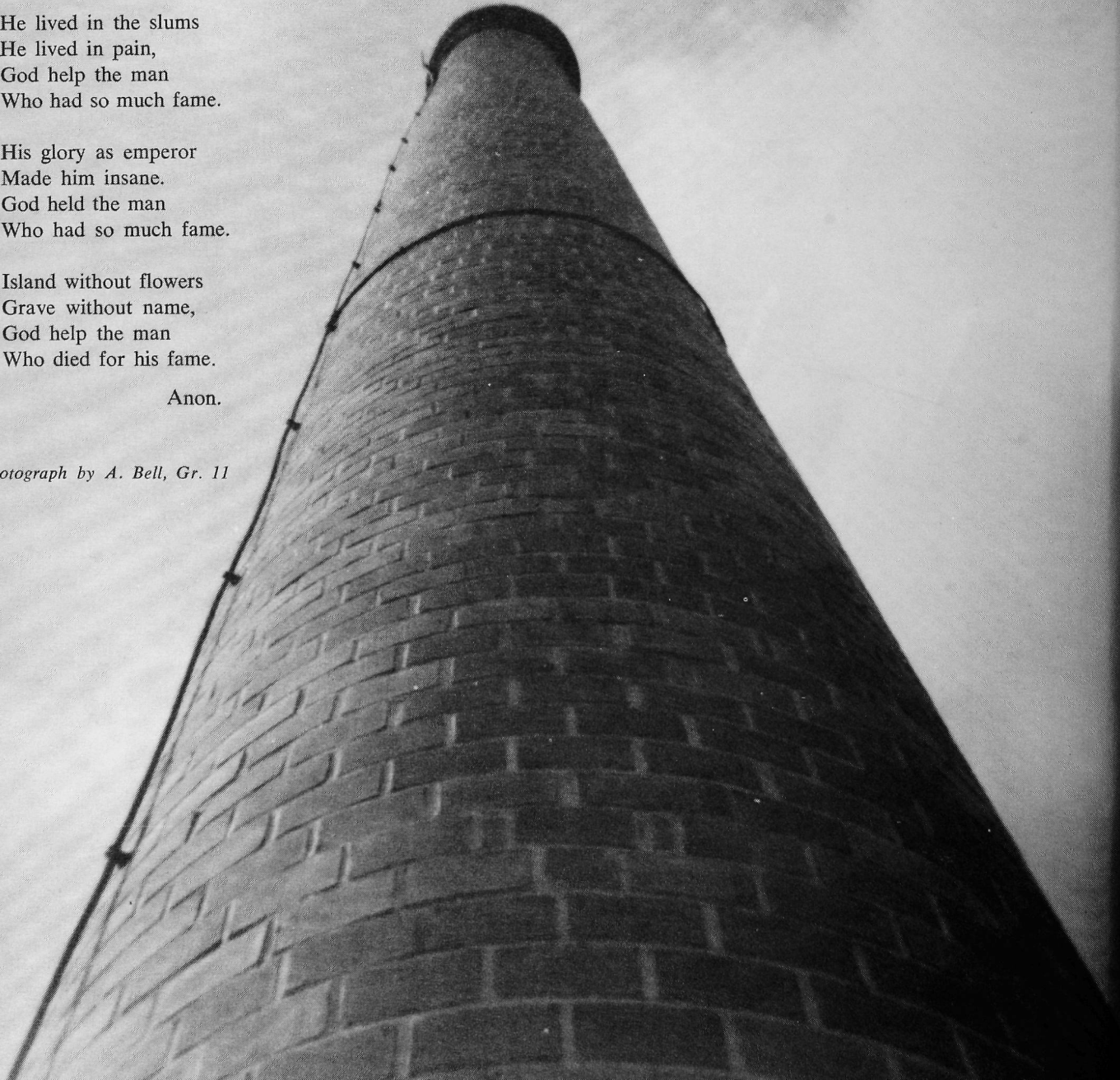
He lived in the slums
He lived in pain,
God help the man
Who had so much fame.

His glory as emperor
Made him insane.
God held the man
Who had so much fame.

Island without flowers
Grave without name,
God help the man
Who died for his fame.

Anon.

Photograph by A. Bell, Gr. 11





REFLECTION

Whenever I think of him, I am reminded of a smiling sketch on water. His crooked smile revealed his even, candy-stained teeth. Evidence of granny's home-made, sweet-tasting chocolate cake was in the form of crumbs around the edges of his mouth. Sun-bleached, golden brown hair hung loosely over his face. The old, red sailor cap was carelessly tilted to the side of his head. Two chubby feet dangled freely in the cool swirling water. His dusty faded jeans were rolled up neatly, exposing ashy ankles and dusty knees. His eyes were two dark pools of innocence. His stare was transfixed by the beauty of nature around him. His ears listened attentively to the soothing swishing and swaying to the giant trees. In the distance two birds chirped noisily. His sharp sensitive nose breathed in the aroma of the roses and bluebells around him. He was singing in a small low voice, which was not much more than a faint echo in the breeze. Ten fat fingers clutched the wet green grass beneath his hands. Every now and then he would try to catch the butterfly that fluttered around him. Without warning a twig snapped noisily beneath my feet. He turned suddenly and our eyes locked. He scrambled to his feet and broke into a run. I watched his chubby body swaying from side to side as he disappeared along the dusty dirt road.

Before he turned the corner he paused, and looked back. One tiny hand raised in a wave. Then he was gone.

Wokie Roberts
Grade 11

SONGBIRDS ARE GOD'S CREATURES...

She remembered the day she left the foster home in the South. Mr. Foster, the kind, old preacher, had reminded her that she was equal to anyone, and as precious as any of God's creatures — even the beautiful songbirds.

But now she sat in her room, the burning sun shining brilliantly through the window glass and making her so very hot. She wouldn't open her window, though, because she didn't want to hear the cruel jokes. Instead, she sat cross-legged on her bed, watching the others enjoy themselves immensely, outside in the pretty yard. She could vaguely hear, even through the thick stone walls and closed windows, joyous shouts from the happy-go-lucky swimmers across the way. People walking by glanced in and looked quickly away, as if they saw something terribly embarrassing or obscene. She just sat there on her bed, ignoring them — for what else was there to do? She couldn't understand what she had done. Was she really different from other people? What is color, anyway? Black is only a darker shade of grey. But she was alone — so very much alone.

... and the songbirds still sang sweetly in the green trees...

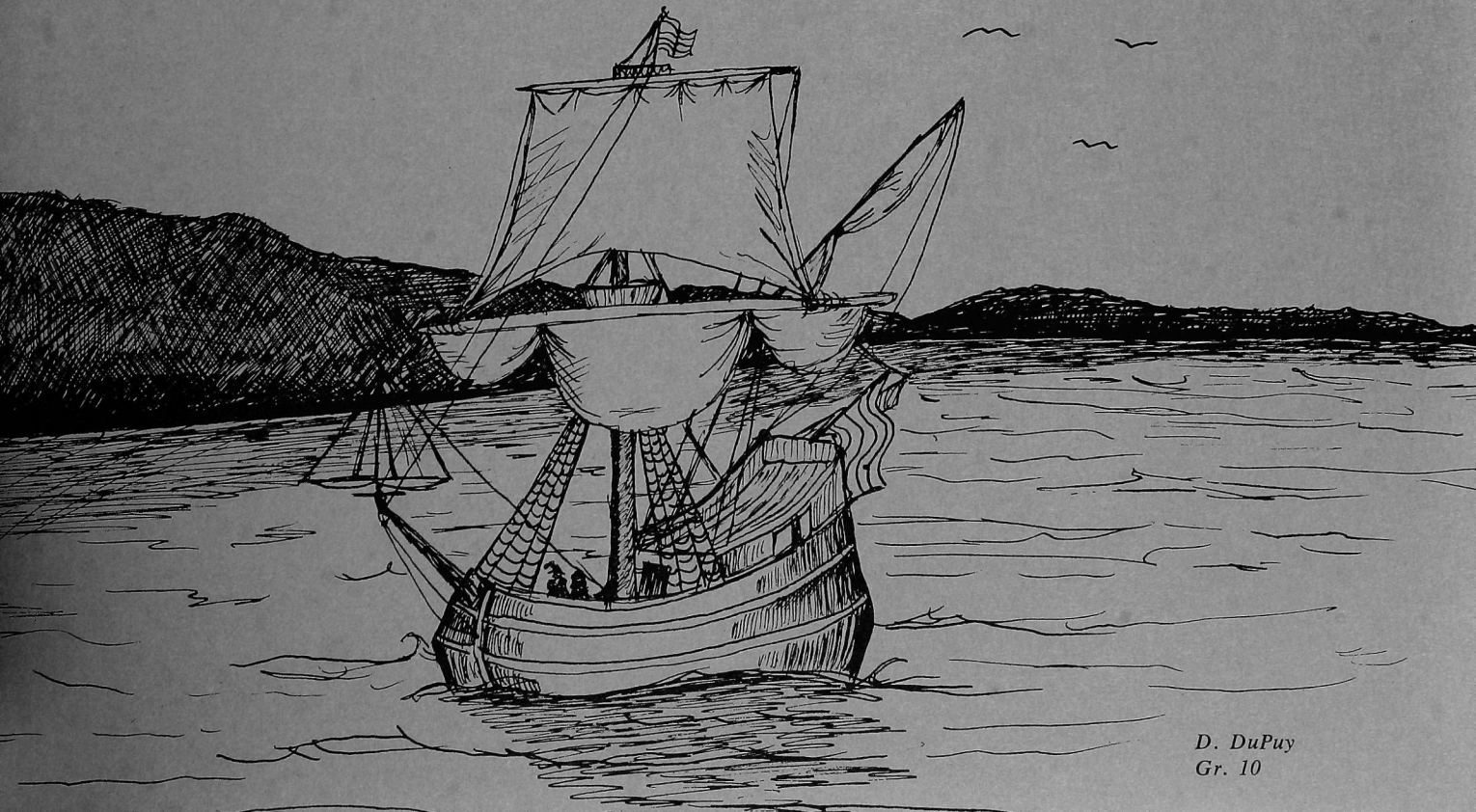
Janet Matthews
Grade 11



THE ANTIQUATED SEAMAN

It took only one glance at the aged figure in the chair to see the man was one of great character. He slouched in his armchair in front of the blazing fire as if he carried a great weight on his shoulders. I gradually moved closer to him and as I settled beside him he looked up with a glow of friendliness in his eyes, greeting me. We made small talk about the weather and world situation and as time passed we drifted from artificial conversation to discussing our respective phases of life. When I asked the old man about the adventures of his youth, a sparkle came into his drooping eyes and he perked up in his seat. "I started out as a young sailor and with the beginning of World War One I had worked my way up to captain of an important fleet," he said with a proud look on his face. "We stormed the north Atlantic wounding and destroying enemy ships." As he continued his voice quickened. His cheeks became flushed and he sat up, enthusiastic at the tales pouring from his own lips. I could see him clearly, standing at the bridge on his ship staring expectantly at the sea ahead. Gradually, his voice grew slower and less distinct and he stared, not seeing, into the now dying fire, a look of deep remembrance in his smiling eyes. I quietly slipped away for fear of invading the private world of this antiquated seaman.

Sue Sams
Grade 11



D. DuPuy
Gr. 10

PHILIP

Philip? Philip! Philip. I know you can hear me. Answer me. Oh — In Heavens name what is that kid doing? Philip Benedict Charles Van Dyke Jr. I know you are in there! Answer me. Philip — open this door.

Oh — Do be quiet mother. Your voice can be quite nerve-racking at times. What do you want?

Really Philip! You have no right to talk to me like this. I am your mother. Aren't you going to apologize?

No.

Oh Philip, you do exasperate me sometimes. What are you doing in there?

You can see perfectly well through the keyhole. Does it thrill you to spy on me mother?

I am not spying on you. It isn't my fault if you are stupid enough to lock yourself in the room. Philip, why are you lying on the floor and why on earth are you wearing a winter coat?

Because I want to.

But darling, it is such a lovely day outside. Almost 100 degrees. Don't you want to go for a quiet dip in the pool?

No, thank you. Why don't you? You could use the exercise.

Really, you are the most exasperating twelve year old I know. Now open up this door!

No mother. Mother, leave me alone. Just go tend to your knitting or whatever you were doing.

Philip! Philip, you haven't even been out of your room all day! You haven't even eaten. I made you a sandwich and baked some fresh peanut butter cookies. There is even ice cream — Philip, you aren't listening to me!

Of course I am. You baked cookies, made a sandwich and you want me to eat it. Right. Mother, I am not hungry.

But you haven't eaten all day. Philip, what on earth are you doing now? Oh — it is such a beautiful day.

It is a lousy day. Horrible!

But the sun is shining.

Oh mother, because the sun is shining doesn't make the day beautiful. Go away.

Oh — Please open the door, darling. I want to talk to you. Philip, I won't go away. You know I haven't seen you all day. Besides I want you to see the new dress your father bought.

If he bought it I am sure it is ghastly. He has such terrible taste.

Oh — alright. Don't open the door. Philip, did I tell you Bobby was here to see you—twice.

Oh, Bobby. He is such a little obnoxious spoiled brat. A simpleton. All he thinks about is playing with his damn electric trains. What did you tell him?

Well, what could I tell him? That you were sleeping of course. Philip, why don't you go and see him?

Never. His mother is a frustrated old bitch and his father I suspect is either a coward or a faggot. The way she bosses him around. No wonder Bobby is so fuc - - -

Philip. Your language appalls me.

Well, what else can you call a bitch but a bitch?

But I thought you were fond of Bobby.

Fond of him the same way I am fond of a puppy. He is nice to have around at times. Then he can be so unbelievably thick.

Philip, just because you are a little precocious is no reason to be uncharitable.

Mother, don't you start lecturing me on principles or morals. I am much more than a little precocious. I am a genius with an I.Q. of - - .

Enough. Now do get dressed and come down to dinner. Your father will be home. Will you get dressed, please?

Certainly NOT. I have no intentions of dining with that man.

Philip, don't talk about your father like that.

He is a stupid, arrogant bastard and I hate him. Is he really?

Really what?

My father?

Philip ! What are you insinuating ?

Come, come, Mother dear. Surely you don't have to pretend with me. You aren't exactly an angel. Is he my father ? You can tell me. It won't make one bit of difference to me. In fact I will be happy if he wasn't.

Well, he is, young man. What put a stupid idea like that in your head anyway ?

Well, I must have inherited my brains from somewhere and it certainly wasn't from you. Please excuse me mother. There is something I must do.

Philip — Philip ! You are too quiet. What are you doing now ? Philip ! Philip ! !

Oh — don't shout. I am loading Daddy's expensive .45 calibre gun with gun shots. In five minutes I will put it to my temple and blow my brains out.

Mrs. Van Dyke started to laugh, but stopped abruptly when the noise from the shot rang through the silent, old, wooden house.

Wokie Roberts
Grade 11

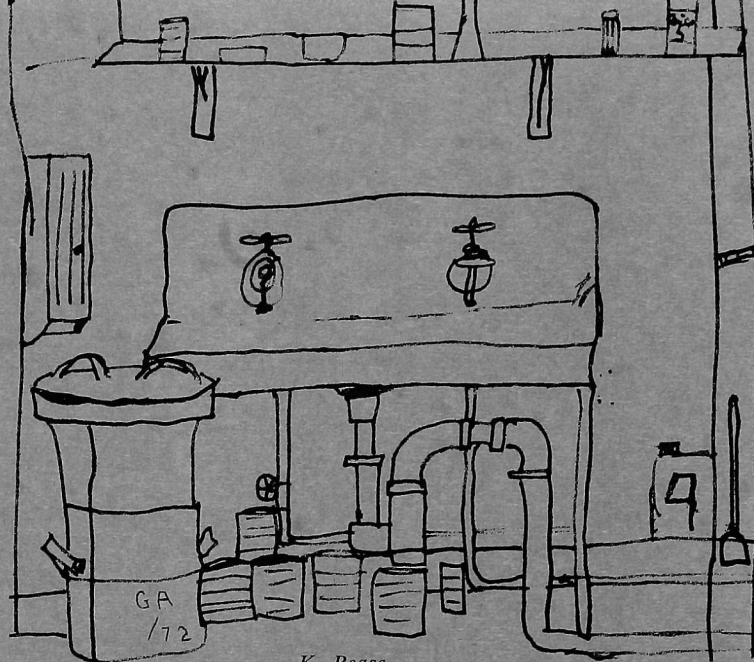


ORPHAN

In a dark, cold shack, a colt lies helpless beside its dead mother. It lies hungry and stiff, and listens to the wind on the walls of the shack. All through the night he heard the sounds of wolves howling, bats screeching, and horrible sounds of the wind twisting and turning.

In early morning, the sun is not out. The clouds are grey, and it is raining outside. The scared colt cowers, and is very hungry. He cries, but there is no answer. He lies by his mother's side, until he dies.

Mitzi Prefontaine
Grade 8



K. Pease
Gr. 8

PENSANDO EN BELLOS DIAS

Que bellos dias son los de la primavera,
cuando la naturaleza cambia su faceta
y las hojas y las flores un perfume sueltan
y todo es color y fragancia sobre la tierra.

Aquellos dias, cuando la primavera pasa
y llega para nosotros un verano con alegria
y cuando llenos de jubilo los turistas pasan
para luego dejar desierta la lejana playa.

El verano ya paso, y la gente se retiro
que durante tres meses abandonaron sus quehaceres
y de tarde en tarde, una tarde de otono pienso
en los pobres pescadores que con su trabajo tienen.

Y luego viene el invierno, aunque a veces resulte deprimente
con su nieve blanca y pura
y aunque el tiempo corra lentamente,
nos hacemos viejos dia a dia.

Miriam Birbragher
Grade 11

A CHILD GROWS OLD

She was a beautiful and mysterious being
Her young undeveloped mind was completely free of evil thoughts and deeds.
It never occurred to her undeveloped mind
That there was a difference between good and bad.
She enjoyed the sweetness she found in her innocence,
Her huge dark brown eyes reminded everyone of her naïvety,
Her smile was easy. Her laughter rang out in many silent rooms.

Her pleasures in life were amusingly simple
Her direct and open honesty was harmless and childish
She expressed her thoughts freely
And stated her opinions without a second thought.

She had a curious trusting faith in all of mankind
Often a smile said a lot to her
She neither judged nor criticized
Instead she treated all human beings as if they were important . . . special
Her own life was an odd mixture of peace and happiness
She was always filled with an inner desire . . . hope . . . motivation
She was generous . . . kind and concerned
She was sinless. If she did wrong she did so unknowingly

And then one day suddenly her world was shattered
Without warning she was exposed to
The hate, the violence, the discriminations
Because she had been made aware
She was stripped of her innocence
She ceased to speak freely

She clung to her lost innocence like a shield
And it slowly became a mask which she hid behind.
Her world became one of disillusionment and indifference.
In a final desperation to escape her own existence
She turned to experiences of drugs
She no longer loved or cared

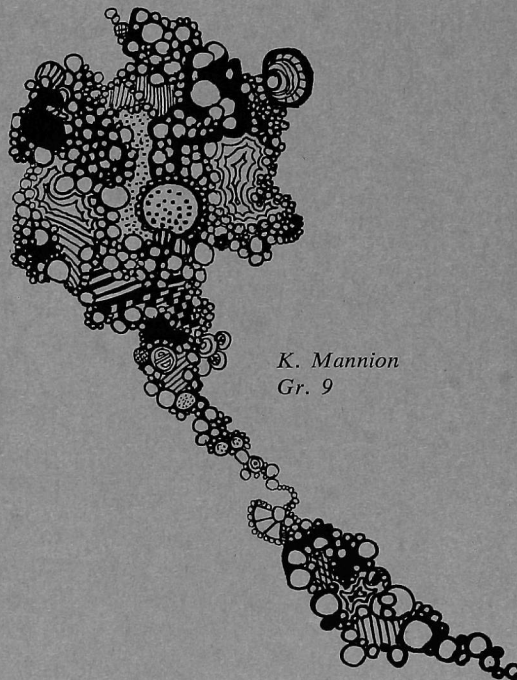
She was afraid to give
Because she had come to realize that there were those who grabbed
She slowly began to know the revengeful nature of people
Fear slowly took over her mind
The fear of losing her precious home, social position . . . her reputation

Her faith in mankind had been crushed, torn to tiny shreds
She quickly became a part of society
A society she hated and could not possibly accept
She made so-called friends, never trusting any of them
She kept her thoughts to herself
Her life became a tangled web
Of everyday habits . . . clubs . . . dances, routine
She was dictated to by society
She no longer lived . . . she merely existed.

Eventually she grew into a bitter, tired, senile old lady
Her laughter was empty — she laughed without laughing
She smiled without smiling, and felt without feeling
Her voice became cold and calculating
She was motivated by her self interest

Her eyes are now tired and haggard
Her hands are thin and bony
Her hair is a group of thin, graying strands
She is a frail pitiful thing
Her mind is filled with evil thoughts
She no longer has trouble
Identifying good and bad
She knows what war is — her husband was blown up in one
She believes in no one, nothing. Not even herself
She quietly yet anxiously awaits her death
This woman that the happy child turned out to be.

Wokie Roberts
Grade 11



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